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MISCELLANEOUS

P O E M S .

BY JOHN H. HEWITT.

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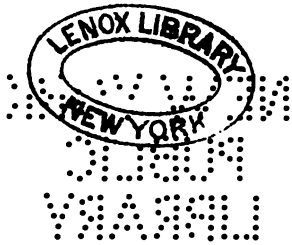
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DEDICATION.

TO HIS KIND FRIENDS OF BALTIMORE,

WHOSE MANY FAVORS HE GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGES,

GEORGE

THIS HUMBLE VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, BY

LESLIE

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E .

The Author will merely state, by way of preface, that a majority of the following Poems were written during his younger days, which fact may prove a partial apology with the indulgent reader for the waywardness of many of the amatory pieces. He publishes them at the request of many of his friends; and calmly uncovers his head to the merciless peltings of criticism—being fully aware that he has but little literary reputation to lose. If the Publisher is amply remunerated for his undertaking, the Author will rest satisfied with the world and himself.

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MISCELLANEOUS

P O E M S .

ODE.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP OF COLUMBIA.

Recited before the Baltimore Lyceum.

WHEN Freedom from her temple smiled
In triumph o'er the battle's van,
Where brazen war-dogs bellow'd wild,
And warriors struggled man to man;
She struck the invader's bayonet low,
And bade her sons with every blow
Hurl forth her lightning on the foe.

And freely pour'd the crimson flood
From many a hero's breast;
And Freedom traced her name in blood,
All o'er the West.
The striped banner waved on high,
And woo'd the bright stars from the sky;
Upheld by *Honour's* sturdy hand,
It stream'd in triumph o'er the land.

Columbia's Genius rose, and cried—
 The while her bosom throbb'd with pride,
 "What glorious deeds be done!
 Land of my heart! thus be it ever
 When men those links inglorious sever,
 Which bind them to a tyrant's power,
 Crushing the patriot hopes, that tower
 'Twards Freedom's golden sun.
 But see—our champions, how they fall
 Wounded—dying—one and all
 A bulwark for their country's right;
 And Bennington and Bunker's height
 Shall tell how sanguine is the fight
 Of Freedom, when her infant hand
 Directs her own and favor'd band.

Oh, where's the harp to sound the praise
 Of those who died in Freedom's fight?
 To sing the deeds of other days:
 To tell how bloody, yet how bright
 The star of Fame arose, when first
 The chains of shame fell to the dust?
 And must they fall—and die forgot,
 Without one bard to tell
 How bravely on their native spot
 In Glory's arms they fell!
 And shall no bard arise and sing
 Their deeds, when on the restless wing
 Of time, the years roll past?
 'Tis true, on History's beaming page
 Their deeds may shine from age to age;
 Still, still the minstrel's hand alone

Can touch a harp of lofty tone,
And tell the young, in words of fire
The story of the martyr'd sire
Who nobly breathed his last."

She said—A zephyr wandering by,
Caught every word and every sigh,
And bore them to his native sky.
With prattling tongue he whisper'd round
The boundless realms, that erst he found
Columbia's Genius sadly bent
Over her heroes' monument,
Mourning the sleeping minstrelsy
That, waking, crowns with immortality.

Swift down th' unfathom'd depths of blue,
On sounding wings—a spirit flew—
It was the Queen of Song;
She bore within her fairy hand
A flowery wreath and magic wand,
Her airy robes untrammelled streaming,
Seem'd with a thousand brilliants beaming,
As swift she flew along.
She hover'd round a valley deep,
Where Echo slept in dreamless sleep,
And stealing from the welkin there
A sheet of sonoric air,
She form'd a harp, whose mellow sound
Brought all the choirs of heaven round;
Then pluck'd she from the orient sky
The first-born rays of golden dye;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

And loudly did the welkin ring,
 Sweet music rent the zone;
 For every ray became a string,
 And every touch a tone!
 She bore this harp in triumph through
 The mazes of ethereal blue,
 And when she struck each yielding string,
 Celestial spirits on the wing
 Join'd in the paean of the free—
 "Columbia, land of Liberty!"

"Rise Genius of this infant land,"
 Exclaim'd the Queen of Song,
 "Here is the harp thy minstrel's hand
 Shall strike—and sing the martyr'd band,
 Who scorn'd to suffer wrong!
 This is the harp whose strings can breathe
 The language of the soul;
 Whose song can bid the sword unsheath,
 And wake the war-drum's roll.
 There is that softness in its touch,
 Which Beauty's ear doth love so much,
 That stirring wildness, which will make
 The patriot's soul flash from his eye;
 Bidding both son and sire break
 The manacles of slavery.
 Its lofty notes, when free they roll,
 Will fire the doubting coward's soul,
 When Freedom's bards the glories tell
 Of those who 'neath her standard fell.
 Rise, Genius of this infant world,
 Rise, weeping one,—the flag's unfurl'd

Whose stripes and stars shall drink the light
Of golden day and starry night;
This harp to thee is freely given,—
A sweeter one ne'er sigh'd in heaven."

Then sang the mountains and the vales,
The music of the brook was heard;
The gentle winds told merry tales,
And loudly roar'd the stormy gales
Responding to the ocean-bird.
Strange melodies crept through the woods,
And singing flow'rets kiss'd the floods,
The fields breathed up their matin lay
While sunbeams stole their dews away;
All nature pass'd the strain along
And gave to God a thankful song.

THE WRECKERS.

"LET us go forth and look upon the sea,
Our babes are hush'd—though loud and mournfully
The wind begins to howl, yet, on they sleep,
The little innocents!—nor heed the deep
And hollow murmur of the waves, as o'er
The mossy rocks they plunge towards the shore.
Look—where the sad moon sets, her farewell ray
Kissing the wave-tops as she steals away,
While round her silver disc, swift gathering,
The heralds of the storm come on the wing

Of the mad north: And lo! that flash of light
 Adding new horror to the dreadful night;—
 And hear the mutt'ring of yon leaden cloud,
 As threat'ning o'er the deep it hangs; while loud
 The untam'd winds rush from the turbid north,
 And bid the spirit of the storm come forth.

Come to the beach—I love to see the deep
 Stirred by the wrath of heav'n, and lightnings leap
 From bursting clouds—to watch the angry wave—
 To hear the wild wind's and the sea-gull's stave;
 Methinks I'm in the presence of my God,—
 Whene'er I breast the storm, or on the flood
 Raised by his mighty pow'r I dare to gaze,
 My heart bespeaks his love, my lips his praise.

See!—see! that glare, 'twas not the lightning's flash,
 Nor was that boom the doubling thunders crash;
 Again—again, now hear the wild halloo
 From the loud trump above the tempest's hue,
 Husband! come forth, for by the sheet of fire
 That pours from yonder cloud of deadly ire,
 I see a ship upon the reefs—her shrouds
 Lined with the victims of the waves and clouds.
 We have a brave boy on the sea—a child
 Whom we did love most dear; and when he smiled
 He was so like his father, that to me
 The day was sad when he was sent to sea—
 Alas!—alas! may God in mercy keep
 The loved one from the dangers of the deep!”

Thus spake the mother, as upon the shore
 Fearless she stood amid the tempest's roar,

Whilst through the leaden tapestry of heaven,
The wrathful fire and thunder-bolts were driven;
Wave upon wave leapt hissing toward the sky,
Split by the winds in their mad revelry;
And ever and anon, with vision strained,
She mark'd the shatter'd bark which still remained
Pent in by breakers, lash'd by every wave
That gaping shewed the mariner his grave.
The life-boat soon leapt from the pebbly shore,
Mann'd by the hardy and the brave; and o'er
The mountain surges danced, its only guide
The livid fires of heav'n. On, on they plied
The sturdy oar,—oft down the liquid glen,
Or perched upon the frothy peak, and then
Whirled back upon the beach—In vain they strove,
The winds and waves before—the clouds above
Warr'd 'gainst humanity, the ire of heaven
Was on the mighty deep—the boat was riven!

Now loud above the storm the wild shrieks swell
Of those on board the ship—it speaks too well
Her fate, a transient flash illumines the sea—
The waves roll madly on—but where is she?

Long watched the wreckers on the rocky shore,
The waves went down, the thunder growl'd no more;
Hush'd were the winds, the storm had pass'd away,
And in the saffron east the streaks of day
Came with the golden sun. Where was the wreck?
No trace was left, save far away a speck
Of snowy white which on the sand was seen,
Like sea-foam left to catch the sunbeams' sheen—

Thither the mother sped—alas! for her,
 Why did the deep refuse a sepulchre
 For that dead boy!—she seized his icy hand,
 Kiss'd his blue lips, half buried in the sand;
 "My own lov'd boy!" she loudly shriek'd and wept,
 As if her sobs would wake the one that slept;
 No, he was cold,—his eye was fix'd and dim,
 And storms and sunshine were alike to him!

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

THEY went out from their vine-clad home—
 The daughters of the brave—the bloom
 Of youth hung sweetly on their cheeks,
 Like lilies that had caught a hue
 Of the young rose, just as it seeks
 To bathe itself in morning dew.
 And they brought wreaths of flowers fair,
 Cull'd from the garden and the wild;
 Laurels and lilies braided were—
 And roses red with myrtles smiled.
 The tymbrel and the pipe awoke
 The slumbering echo, and the stroke
 Of clashing cymbals rent the air,
 And roused a thousand echos there.

More beautiful than all the rest,
 Behold the daughter of the chief,
 Who conquering comes; her snowy breast
 Now heaves with joy—too soon will grief

Impart a pang which she alone,
 So heavenly, should never own.
 And yet she smiles, and lightly bounds
 Before the virgin band:—the sounds
 Of clarions and shawns arise
 In distant melody—her eyes
 Are first to see the arms that gleam,
 In glory to the morning beam.

Lo! with a victor's majesty
 The father stands; his dark eyes rest
 In sadness on the pageantry
 That glitters round him—and must she
 Who now hangs fondly on his breast,
 His only daughter, be the price
 Of victory?—so heav'n decreed;
 He tore his beard, and wildly, thrice
 Smote on his breast, "My child must bleed!"
 Said he with bitterness, and press'd
 The treasure closer to his breast.

"Daughter of mine! why first art thou
 To twine the laurel round my brow?
 Go—wail upon the hill, thy sire
 Hath sworn amidst the battle's ire,
 That, if victorious, Israel's God
 Should see his altar reek with blood
 Of her who first came from my door—
 And *thou* art she!"—he said no more,
 But rent his scarf in agony,
 While she, the young, the loveliest—

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Whose features bore heav'n's heraldry,
 Stood with her arms across her breast,
 And her mild eyes lifted to God,
 In resignation to his will:
 The chief leant downcast on his sword,
 And timbrel, song, and trump were still.

"Father! the will of heav'n be done,
 I of thy people am but one;
 Then murmur not that 'tis decreed—
 For by my death a nation's freed.
 My blood is but a trifling price—
 God needs a nobler sacrifice!
 Thou weepst—ah! preserve thy tears
 For that dread moment, when the knife
 Shall end the one whose smiles for years,
 Have been to thee a second life.
 Nay, father, nay—look not thus wild,
 Thy God and country have thy child;
 She goes to wail among the hills
 To bathe her in the mountain rille;
 To weep a last farewell—and then
 She'll come to thee." The darksome glen
 Echoed the wailing of the maid;
 The green hills and the flowery glade,
 Seemed mournfully to listen to
 Her parting song, and the sad flowers
 Droop'd wet with tears of pearly dew,
 And seem'd to weep departed hours.

She came into the sacred pile,
 More beautiful than when the smile

Of sunny joy hung on ber cheek.
 A melancholy light o'erspread
 Her sunny brow—and slow, and meek
 To heav'n in prayer she bent her head.
 They could not bear to look upon
 The life-blood of so fair a one;
 The holy priests look'd down and wept
 As the sad father kiss'd his daughter,
 And oft essayed to strike, yet kept
 The knife still thirsting for the slaughter.
 At length 'twas done—coldly the blade
 Struck to her bosom's core—she sigh'd,
 Look'd on her sire, a look that said,
 "Father, farewell—farewell!" and died!

HOME.

Oh! for a beaker, pouting to the edge,
 With magic tears of bubbling Hippocrene!
 That I might cool my fever'd lips, and pledge
 The draught of fancy to some vanish'd scene.
 Oh! for a spark of that mysterious fire,
 Which nerved the song of Scotia's peerless bard,
 That nature's hand might time my broken lyre,
 And Soul dissolve on every trembling chord.
 It was a dream of home that bless'd my pillow;
 It was the glorious light of other years;
 And when the morning shone upon the billow,
 My waking eyes beheld the gleam through tears.

There sat a father, cherished and revered,
Telling his tale of past adversities;
There sat a mother, to my soul endeared,
With the same look she wore in better days.
Close by, two sisters gave an eager ear
To every word the father breathed; the while,
A younger brother play'd his gambols near,
And ever and anon, bent his young smile
Upon some childish toy; and silently
Behind the sisters stood the friend, who long
Had been the soother of their misery—
A fellow-sufferer with this much-lov'd throng.
'Twas but a dream—which ne'er again may bless
The pillow of the pilgrim, sick for home;
Who weeps, unheeded, in a wilderness,
And treads on thorns, where'er his footsteps roam.
Oh! for those winged days, when not a thorn
Was found to lurk beneath the rose of love;
When smiles were first to usher in the morn,
And pleasure stole its sunshine from above.
How passing sweet the voice I heard that night!
It crept upon my vision, like a sigh
Of *Chindera's* fount, when weightless forms of light
Steal its best notes, to wing them to the sky!
It was a voice that lured my thirsting soul,
To breathe the incense of a paradise;
A strain from heaven, whence it gently stole
To cheat my senses—'twas my sister's voice.
Spirit of Dreams! breathe, breathe the song again,
The well remember'd song of happier years;
For e'en one note of that soul-stealing strain,
Is transient heaven to my eager ears!

Alas!—no more these whisperings of Home
 May steal upon the wanderer's hours of sleep;
 When, to past scenes, his recollections roam,
 Mourning lost bliss, he turns away to weep.
 His heavy hours are past in revery,
 And many a rugged path he wanders o'er;
 But peace be thine, dear scenes of infancy!
 Perchance the pilgrim ne'er may see thee more.

 THE DOOM OF GENIUS.

A FRAGMENT.

Youth's glow was on his cheek; the majesty
 Of Genius sat upon his brow; his lip
 Curl'd gracefully with smiles, as o'er the calm
 And sunny sea of life he glanc'd. No pang
 Of unrequited love or friendship false
 Had ever chill'd his heart—he pluck'd the rose
 From Pleasure's gay parterre, and strew'd them on
 His couch, nor dreamt to feel the thorns so soon.
 From the gay margin of that fabled stream,
 Where the nine hallow'd lov'd to sport, he call'd
 The fairest flowers, and round his youthful brow
 Twined a bright wreath; and joy was ever his,
 When o'er the strings of his delighted lyre
 His fingers swept—Beauty, with greedy ear,
 Caught every strain—for strains like his were made
 To wrap the soul in spells. The dark pow'r came,
 And he held sad communion with the stars.

I saw the one he lov'd;—she had a face
Of angel mould; music breath'd from her lips,
Her full dark eye pour'd out the tide of soul,
And seem'd the beacon-light of Love. She smiled,
And at her feet the proudest knelt, and prayed
To revel in the sunshine of her love.—
Not so the youthful bard—alone he sought
The deep-wood glen, and with the elfin train
That court the moonlight waves, held converse mute.
He struck his lyre in solitude;—then came
A dark brow'd spirit, and amidst its strings
Wreath'd wither'd roses—and it would not yield
Its wonted notes of joy—Sorrow had bathed
It o'er with tears,—the melancholy winds
Soar'd o'er its bosom—sigh'd, and wander'd on.
The canker-worm fed on his heart; two years
Of fruitless love were his; he pin'd and pin'd,
And still he dared not tell the pang he felt,
For it was deep, and nought but his sad harp
Could speak its poignancy. Delirium came,
And melody was lost—The sickly hue
Of sorrow linger'd on his countenance,
And slow consumption wasted him away,
Until he sank beneath the hand of death.

OBLIVION.

I HEARD the rolling muffled drum,
 And piercing fife, as lone I stray'd;
 "Thus, thus;" thought I, "within the tomb,
 Shall fame's *undying* wreaths be laid!"
 Upon a monument I saw
 The hero's glorious deeds retraced;
 Oblivion came—I read no more,
 His name—his deeds were all effaced.

I saw a monarch on his throne,
 A throne of skulls, imbrued in blood;
 An awful splendor round him shone,
 As high he sat, "the great, the good."
 I saw the veil of death unfurl'd
 Over his stern and stately brow;
 Oblivion swept him from the world—
 Lo! where's his name, his greatness now?

I saw a bard, and o'er the lyre,
 His fingers swept, in thirst of fame;
 His soul was melting on each wire,
 His pen sent forth its tides of flame.
 I saw him write his epitaph,
 'Twas "dust to dust, and clay to clay;"
 Oblivion came—he waved his staff,
 And e'en that dust was swept away!

I saw the planets, moon and sun,
 Array'd in all their glorious light,
 Careering smoothly, brightly on,
 Pouring out lustre in their flight.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Oblivion came—Creation's groan
 Was heard amid the crash of spheres;
 Worlds upon worlds were overthrown,
 And Time, himself, summed up his years.

Ye beings of a little hour!
 Flowrets that bloom, then cease to be,
 Know ye who checks Oblivion's power?
 He who can span infinity.
 And, oh! how sad it is to see
 So many rushing madly on,
 Spurning a bright eternity,
 To plunge in hell's Oblivion!

 BOYHOOD.

WHEN I was young—when I was young,
 I laugh'd at what the world call'd care;
 My lips were always dress'd in smiles,
 And every thing was bright and fair.
 With lazy pace I went to school,
 Or fleetly chased the butterfly;
 There was no sorrow in my heart,
 Joy, sunny Joy laugh'd in my eye.

When I was young—when I was young,
 I used to join the stripling band,
 And bravely storm the snow redoubt,
 By twenty hostile urchins mann'd.

I called myself "Montgomery,"
 And when I fell—I was no fool,
 I'd die just like a "demi-god,"
 And then get up and run to school.

When I was young—when I was young,
 Love's language darted from my eyes,
 I loved to feast on Ellen's lips,
 For they were stored with luxuries.
 I kiss'd the book she used to read,
 I thought of music when she spoke;
 I worshipp'd all her tresses bright,
 And read my fate in every look.

I'm getting old—I'm getting old,
 I cannot, as in boyhood's hours,
 Climb proudly up the mountain steep,
 Or count the leaves of summer flowers.
 I cannot look upon the world
 As if 'twere made for me alone;
 I cannot claim a single friend,
 For those I lov'd in youth are gone.

I'm getting old—I'm getting old,
 The sunbright days of youth are gone,
 Care's leaden hand is on my heart,
 And I am in the world—alone!
 Life's winter is advancing fast,
 Ah! where is Ellen? where are they
 Who join'd me in my youthful sports?
 Just like a dream, they've pass'd away!

JULIA'S HARP.

YOUNG Julia's harp was rich in melody,
 She never touch'd it, but some chord in tune
 With that she touch'd struck on my heart, and I
 Did scorn to hide my tears—for well she knew
 The witch'ry of her song, and thought me cold
 If I felt not what she so deeply felt.

One lovely night—can I forget that night!
 The moon was up, the stars were whisp'ring, and
 The vernal breeze did kiss the jessamine
 And multaflora, as they cluster'd round
 Her bower. She was alone; and long I mark'd,
 Unseen, the liquid lustre of her eye;
 As she did gaze upon the pensive moon,
 And seem'd to hold soft converse with the stars.
 The wind-gods languish'd on her harp, which stood
 Beside her;—ever and anon they sported
 Around the deep-toned bass, then playfully
 Wound through the mellow treble. I spoke not—
 For Julia was in tears—her woes were mine.
 Silence is eloquent; she caught my eye,
 And with a blush and borrow'd smile, said, “come
 And listen to the last sad song of Julia.”

And then she swept her snowy arm athwart
 The yielding strings, and such a lay—so wild—
 I ne'er had heard her sing before: Her tears
 Did almost choke her utterance, and when
 She stopp'd, she kiss'd her harp—and turn'd away.

I felt for her, yet knew not why she wept,
 For she had always mingled with the gay,
 And lent her smiles to cheer the social hour;
 My boyish heart was full, and I would then
 Have giv'n my last life-drop to shield my Julia.

I never saw the harp again. Too proud
 To tell me all, the lovely girl had kept
 The secret in her bosom.—Poverty
 Had come with all its chilling blights, and she
 Had sold her harp to ease a mother's wants.

 TO AN INFANT.

Box! while thy young eyes laughing turn
 To catch the flood of glorious light,
 That ushers in thy natal morn,
 And beams upon thee pure and bright;
 Think'st thou 'twill always glisten so?
 Alas!—the night is yet to come;
 And many a day of toil and wo,
 Will shroud thy path-way to the tomb.

But, welcome—welcome to this world,
 Though but a world of strife it be;
 As there are founts which never pur'l'd,
 So, there are joys in store for thee.
 The darkest day hath still its light,
 Or hope would chill, and man despair,
 Be thine a day that knows no night,
 A life-time—in its fading fair.

Heir of this pilgrim world!—my heart
 Aches with an overcharge of love;
 Pure—spotless—mild; as *now* thou art,
 The day may come when the young dove
 That nestles in thy breast, will fly,
 And leave the demon vice with thee—
 Better a budding flower to die,
 Than meet so dark a destiny.

If there be eloquence in looks,
 Thou seem'st to say I wrong thee—no,
 Foul streams may come from crystal brooks,
 And cancers on the fairest grow.
 But, be thou ever virtuous, boy,
 True to thy friend, religion, home;
 A father's pride—a mother's joy,
 A bright star in a world of gloom.

THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

WHERE is the Spirit of Music!—where?
 Where the balmy dews fill the evening air,
 Where the streamlet runs through the lonely glade,
 Where the lover warbles his serenade,
 While Beauty looks from her lattice high,
 And marks her love with a tearful eye.

Where is the Spirit of Music!—where?
 Where the stream is calm and the moonbeam's fair;
 Where the echo wakes to every note
 That floats from the lonely night-bird's throat,

While far o'er the lake soft voices swell
From the parting barge—"home! fare thee well!"

Where is the Spirit of Music!—where?
Where the daughters of Greece with fingers fair,
Sweep o'er their lutes, while their native lay
Emboldens the chief in the battle's fray;
Where the cry of the conflict fills the air,
The Spirit of Music soars wildly there!

Where is the Spirit of Music!—where?
Where the planets sing in the regions rare;
Where the wind-gods kiss the rippling wave,
Where the thunders roll and the tempests rave;
But where does the Spirit of Music sip
Her sweetest stores—but from Ella's lip?

THE PARRICIDE.

[A London paper relates an instance of the wickedness arising from the "accursed thirst of gold."—A young girl on the eve of being married, poisoned her father and mother, in order to secure their property.]

COME—let's away to the bridal hall,
I've done the deed—they are no more;
I'll dress me in their funerall pall,
And wear the ring my mother wore.

I did it all for the love of thee,
Take—take the gold—I now need none;
For, oh! it cannot purchase me
Forgiveness for the crime I've done.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Better, had I the poison'd cup
 Press'd closely to these lips accurst,
 Than once infuse a single drop
 For her whose care my childhood nursed.

You did not see her when she died—
 No—it was well, for you had wept
 To see her call me to her side,
 And bless me, till in death she slept.

And *he*, whose fostering care uprear'd
 A guilty child—he too is gone:
 And as he blacken'd, he appear'd
 To charge me with the deed I've done.

Then, lets away to the bridal hall,
 I'm thine, tho' Heaven is lost to me;
 Quick—lest the wrath of God should fall,
 And blast the joy I have in thee.

O, tarry not, the night comes on,
 And spectre forms before me move;
 Come—it is time the rite were done,
 That makes thee ever mine, my love!

Heed not my haggard looks—awhile
 And I will wreath my aching head,
 And teach my lips to wear a smile,
 For father—mother—both are dead!

MY HOME.

My home is where the Ocean's surf
Rolls glittering up the sunny shore;
Where rivers bathe the flowery turf,
Or down the craggy mountain roar.
My home is where the Eagle spreads
His wings for heaven's unbounded dome;
Where man in conscious freedom treads
The soil he proudly calls his own.

My home is where the red man trod
In all his untaught majesty,
Ere the lone pilgrims looked to God,
While on the wide and stormy sea.
My home is where the pious band
With holy anthems fill'd the air,
And by their prowess won the land
From savage foes—my home is there.

Where freedom is man's noblest dower,
Where right gives might to every one;
Where Liberty's a beacon tower
Whose flame is watch'd by sire and son.
Where woman's heart's as warm as free,
And man's ne'er own'd a wish to roam;
Where all things thrive with Liberty—
Columbia! thou'rt the patriot's home.

Land of the free heart's richest pride!
The exile's hope—the pilgrim's home,
Thy banner flutters far and wide,
A rainbow o'er the ocean's foam.

Be ever free—be ever blest—
 Thy daughters virtuous and fair;
 While Freedom's star shines o'er the west,
 I'll proudly say—my home is there!

SAINT CECILIA.

[The tradition concerning this distinguished lady, adds, that it was on account of her excellence in music that she was visited by the angel; that he was drawn down from his celestial abode by the sweetness of her melody; and that the transcendency of her vocal and instrumental powers caused her to be styled the *Patroness of Music and Musicians*.—*Legend of St. Cecilia*.]

SHE sat beside her lyre, which slept
 As if its melody were dead;
 The zephyrs linger'd round, or crept
 Fondly among its chords, and shed
 Their dewy tears upon them, while
 The listening stars did wink and smile
 Upon the waters sunk to rest—
 With heav'n's fair likeness on their breast.

Nature was hush'd as if 'twere list'ning
 To catch some wind-harp's infant note,
 E'en the stars whisper'd not—but glist'ning
 In the blue ocean where they float,
 Kiss'd the dew'd leaf—the stilly sea—
 And hush'd their trembling melody;
 For there was music yet to rise,
 Sweeter than nature's minstrelsies.

She touch'd the speaking lyre like one
 Whose soul hung on her finger tips;
 And music came—each melting tone
 Was like notes breathed from seraph lips.
 Softer than dewfall on the sea,
 Arose the pensive melody—
 It soar'd to heav'n—and never were
 More blissful notes wing'd through the air.

What form is that, which, robed in light,
 Comes from the realms of stars? Its wings
 Shed diamonds on the sea, and night
 Shrinks from the silvery flame it brings.
 Swift through the purple air it bounds,
 Lured by the lyre's electric sounds;
 A spirit of celestial birth,
 By music's spell brought down to earth.

Lingering in rapture o'er the lyre,
 (Like a gay humbird, drawing sweets
 From honey-suckles) while each wire
 Speaks to the hand it trembling meets.
 Child of the skies! why dost thou come
 Thus brightly from thy heavenly home?
 Is there not in yon starry girth,
 A lyre more rich than one of earth?

The angel knelt—for every strain
 Call'd to devotion; and a choir
 Of seraphims replied again
 To the rich music of the lyre.
 Oh! there are spells which bind the heart,
 But none like music can impart,
 Such soft delight—for, from the skies
 It drew its melting witcheries!

Died at Llanvare, near Ruthin, Denbyshire, Susan Pary, a maiden lady, who by her will bequeathed to her harper the sum of three guineas, on condition that he would play on the harp (an instrument she was very fond of,) two plaintive tunes she had fixed on, over her grave; which was accordingly performed on September the 13th. The novelty of the scene drew together a large concourse of people, and the poor harper (who was an old servant) could hardly begin; for the solemnity of the place and the vast number of people about him, had such an effect upon him that he burst into tears; and it was some time before he was capable of performing the last commands of his old mistress, which so affected the spectators, that there was hardly a dry eye in the church yard.—*Edinburgh Mag.*

THE AGED HARPER'S SONG.

Why gather here—why gather here?
 This is the dark domain of woe;
 Sad hearts should only join with me
 To mourn for her who sleeps below.
 Cold age, chill age creeps o'er my frame,
 And years ago I should have died,
 For bitter tears have flowed so long
 That the dim fount is nearly dried.

Why gather here?—is it to catch
 My dull harp's dirge for her that's gone?
 Is it to mock an old man's grief,
 Or spurn the sod he weeps upon?
 Go—if you have no tears to shed,
 Sorrow is now my only theme;
 The light at heart may seem to feel
 The harper's pangs—but only *seem!*

I had a glad heart once—my lips
 Wore smiles as rosy bright as those

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Which cluster round an infant's face
When fairy dreams gild its repose.
I struck the harp with youthful fire,
And the high soul owned music's sway—
Why gather here!—'tis but to mark
How the proud spirit bears decay.

Yes, yes—we all shall gather here,
The cold, damp grave shall be our bed;
And tears shall wet the flowery turf
That drinks the sun-light o'er our head.
Go—let me sing my dirge alone,
And unmark'd, shed the burning tear;
For all that I hold dear in life,
Lies in eternal slumber here.

LOVE AND PAINTING.

You're Love's a painter, I am sure,
For he took Beauty's miniature,
While she within her silent bowers
Reposed on aromatic flowers.

He pluck'd from off the rising sun
The rainbow rays; though every one
Was of a different hue;—together
The eye could see no tint in either!

Of these he made a brush—his palette—
 Was the Iris, as poets call it.
 With these to Beauty's couch he flew—
 His brush he dipp'd in morning dew,
 And on the ivory traced each feature
 Of unadorned and sleeping nature.
 But, when to shade and give expression
 The artist found no colours ready,
 He fretted—mused, and in a passion,
 Almost awoke the sleeping lady.
 But soon he mix'd the fairy hues
 Of the pale lily and red rose;
 Upon the cheek he softly laid it,
 And then with tints of violet shaded.
 The eye was closed—then how to tell
 Its hue—its softness or its wildness?
 Was't the look of the young gazelle,
 Or the ring-dove's bewitching mildness?
 Love touch'd his lute, the eyelids parted,
 Half waking, half wrapt in a dream,
 Oh! how soft was the light that darted—
 Like liquid silver every beam!
 The lips he next all burning drew,
 Dressed them in pink and violet blue;
 To make them pout—he pouted his,
 And gave the sleeping one a kiss:
 Then with heart's blood he wrote beneath
 “This is the *cold Elizabeth*;
 Oh! if 'twere made of ice, thus pressed,
 'Twould warm upon my burning breast.”
 He saw his work complete, and said,
 “I've got you now, my pretty maid;

The eyes, the lips, the cheeks, the hair,
 The smile, the proud, yet winning air;
 I've got you all——no, I forget,
 Your hand and heart I cannot get;
 Then fare you well—the Portrait's mine!"
 —So off he flew to *Friendship's* shrine.

 MELANCHOLY.

I COME in plain attire from yonder grove,
 Where night's dim shadow stalks; where fairies love
 To keep their moon-light sports, and flit along
 The thicket's edge,—I love the night-bird's song,
 As pensively she swells her tuneful throat,
 In answer to the stars, as on they float
 Through waveless seas of blue, and sing and glisten
 To the sad murm'ring brook—I love to listen,
 And catch the cadence of its melody,
 As it rolls gently on. I love to be
 Where the wild waves of stormy ocean roar,
 Driving the barque upon the rocky shore;
 Where lightnings flash, where savage thunders roll
 In sweet concordance with my troubled soul.
 Where flesh is mouldering, there I love to tread,
 To hold communion with the speechless dead;
 To join with phantoms—on the marble lay
 My aching head, and weep the hours away.

Where mild Religion's votaries do sip
 The Sacramental Cup, I press my lip
 Close to the hallow'd book, or humbly kneel
 In fervent prayer with those who truly feel.
 Let the glad tambor sound, the viol's strings
 Quake merrily in halls where Time's gray wings
 Are wet with wine—I'll fly the unholy spot,
 For mine's the cell where Pleasure lingers not.

I am a pale-faced maid; Consumption's hand
 Rests heavy on me, as unscen I stand
 Amidst the wardering spectres of the night,
 And count the stars, or braid my tresses bright:
 Soft, plaintive is my song—I strike the lyre
 With passion's hand; and, as each golden wire
 With sullen murmur shakes, I bathe the string
 With scalding tears—and sing as angels sing!

THE SEA-BIRD.

(Driven among the Mountains by a severe Storm.)

BIRD of the ocean's wave!—why bend thy wing
 Above these rocky piles? Oh! dost thou bring
 Sad tidings from the billow-beaten shore,
 Or hast thou come triumphantly to soar
 With mountain eagles round these cloud-capt heights,
 To test thy wings in high ethereal flights?

Thy home has been amid the frothy surf,
 Or in the herbage of the briny turf;

And oft from wave to wave,—from rock to rock,
Encountering the tempest's fearful shock,
Hast thou been driv'n—and as thy pinions bent
Unheeding o'er the watery element,
Thy piercing screech would answer to the blast,
And mock the sea-boy as he sigh'd his last
Farewell to home: or while his body lay
Upon the beach,—cold,—beaten by the spray,
Perchance, lone bird!—thy wild yet mournful dirge
Was heard above the murmur of the surge,
And pitying numbers echoed on the wave
The only requiem o'er the sailors grave.

Bird of the stormy wave!—why dip thy wing
Into the waters of a crystal spring;
When on the heaving bosom of the sea,
No wave could rise too proudly high for thee?
Far from the tumult of thy liquid home
Forced by the storm, stricken and faint thou'st come
A swift-winged herald on the howling gale,
Bearing the burthen of some gloomy tale.
Turn back thy purple wing; no flowrets bloom
To yield to thee their nectar or perfume:
The stream that tumbles from the lofty verge
Is nought to thee, who lov'st the sullen surge!

WINTER.

I COME! I come! fresh from the hardy north,
 My hoar beard bright with gems which drink the rays
 Of the enfeebled sun. Lo! on my brow
 I wear a diadem of diamonds sheen
 And silvery frost; and, as I sweep along,
 I scatter from my bony hands bright drops
 Of frozen dew, while from my jewelled wings
 The virgin down falls noiseless on the sea.
 I breathe upon the earth's last lingering flower,
 As to the sunny South I pass—and, lo!
 It gathers up its tender leaves and dies.
 I touch the monarch forest tree, and down
 From its wide branches fall the yellow leaves,
 Like showers of gold on nature's carpeting.
 Where'er I rest my iron foot, bright sheets
 Of chrystal shine—the brooks, the lakes, the seas,
 Hush their sad murmuring, for on their waves
 I fix my icy signet—and they're mute.
 Hither I bring my slaves, the noisy winds,
 With their loud shawns and bellowing clarions;
 And the dark spirits of the storm, on clouds
 Ride at my heels and desolate the earth!
 Gather around your blazing hearths, and tell
 Dread stories of my power, for, lo! I come
 To howl above your happy roof—Recount
 To the young prattler how I split the barque
 On the dark ocean's breast, and yell a dirge
 O'er the young sea-boy's grave; tell of the blights
 I cast upon the flowery fields, of all
 The dazzling splendor of the rising sun
 When on my frosty robes he looks, and darts
 His golden beams upon my coronal.

THE MOTHER.

“Look! how he smiles, our only boy,
And, see—his arms stretch'd forth to meet
Thy first embrace—ah, this is joy
Which makes my happiness complete.
I've taught him how to speak thy name,
And when his blue eyes closed at night,
He lisped it out, when morning came,
Still would he breathe it with delight.

Dearest!—he laughs as if his heart
Like ours, was filled with love and joy;
He cannot *say* how dear thou art,
But, ah! he *feels*—the darling boy!
Take him upon thy knee and kiss
The dimples from his rosy cheeks,
First upon that, and now on this;
Look at his eye—it almost speaks.

Oh! I have watched him day and night,
And read his dreams as on he slept;
And when he oped his eyes of light,
And to my arms delighted leapt,
I've wished that thou wert near to see
How with each morn his looks improved;
How like a vine he clung to me,
And seemed to say 'twas *all* he loved!”

Thus spake the mother, as upon
Her blue-ey'd boy she fondly gazed;
Another moon had scarcely gone,
Ere the child's eye was sunk and glazed;

Like moulded wax, too soon he lay
Cold—motionless upon her bosom;
Hope, joy and all had pass'd away,
Chill death had nipp'd the tender blossom.

TO AN INFANT.

Thou hast inherited a world of pain,
Sweet miniature of life! The light that now,
Like that which burst on young creation's dawn,
Beams on thy feeble vision, only shines
In mockery of joy. Nay—do not smile,
Or I will think that thou hast caught a glimpse
Of Heav'n, as we oft look 'tween opening clouds
And count the stars that gem the azure depths.
Are not thy visions wand'ring with the stars?
Thy dreams (if infants dream) are not of earth,
For earth to thee is yet unknown—or why
That cherub smile? Ah! didst thou know but half
The bitterness that's yet in store for thee,
How many tears would'st shed for every smile?
But, be thy cradled slumbers sweet, my child,
Be mine the task to watch thine opening mind,
To count thy little joys—to mark thy growth,
And see thy budding charms each day come forth,
Until they bloom in glorious perfection.

This is a stranger world to thee—think not
That the bright sun which usher'd in *thy* day,

Will always beam so joyously; O no;—
 There are dark clouds that cast their shadows wide,
 And flower—and weed are both alike to them;
 The winter-blast will wildly sweep along,
 The sun grow dim, and nature sink in gloom.
 So, every joy will have its sorrow, and
 Though now we smile, to-morrow we may weep.
 Thou wilt go forth into a glittering world
 Alive with busy things—thy heart will leap
 To the soft sounds that fall from Flattery's lip;
 And thou wilt join, perchance, the giddy throng
 At Folly's court—the air will be alive
 With pleasant melody, and thou wilt dance,
 And frolic precious hours away, and drink
 Of pleasure's fascinating cup, until
 Nought but its dregs and bitterness are left,
 Heav'n guard thee child—be thine a destiny
 More bright than this—thy glorious career
 Proud as a star's—as peaceful and as chaste!

 THE CHILD'S WISH FOR SPRING.

THE flowers of spring—why don't they come?
 I've sought the garden day by day—
 I've sigh'd on every tardy plant,
 And brush'd the chilly dew away.
 I've tried to breathe it into life,
 And make its pretty leaves come forth;
 But when a tear fell on its stem,
 'Twas frozen by the wintry north.

The flowers of spring—why don't they come?
 I want to braid them in my hair;
 I seek the woods and meadows wide,
 But cannot find the truants there.
 The tall trees spread their naked arms,
 The hawthorn is not clothed in green;
 The brook goes sadly wandering on,
 Moaning where flowers once have been.

The flowers of spring—why don't they come?
 They answer not the season's call;
 Where are the wreaths we used to twine
 To deck our May-day festival?
 The honey-bee in vain goes forth
 To gather sweet stores for its home;
 The incense of the field is lost—
 The flowers of spring—why don't they come?

HOPE.

I SAW, when night was coming on,
 The farewell ray of twilight trembling
 Upon a cloud that soar'd alone,
 A heart on life's smooth sea resembling,
 Slowly and soft the beam departed,
 The cloud in darkness wander'd on;
 And when no more the sun-light darter,
 It broke—its swell of pride was gone.

Thus hope gleams on the eager breast,
 As down the stream of life we sail;
 The waves of grief are lull'd to rest,
 And perfume fills the gentle gale.

But ah! when Hope's beams fade away,
 (The fairest light the soul e'er woke in,)
 The heart that fondly glows to-day,
 Is seen to-morrow cold and broken.

Sorrow with wither'd hand spreads o'er
 The sea of joy its mantle dark;
 The sun of gladness shines no more,
 And wild blasts wreck our little barque.

The breast's wild throb o'er broken faith,
 The blighted smiles of early promise;
 The tears for those we lose in death,
 The grief for those who wander from us;

All, all that can be seen or felt
 Wild through the mist of memory dart;
 Hope flies the breast where once she dwelt,
 And leaves behind—a broken heart!

THE MOUNTAINS.

Ye look to the skies, with your hoary peaks,
 And the clouds come gathering round,
 With the sun-set tints on their pouting cheeks
 And their fleecy girths unbound;

The muttering voice of the storm is heard,
 It is rolling along your crest,
 It frights alike the valley bird,
 And the Eagle from her nest.

When I was a boy, with a glad holloo,
 I'd climb to a lofty crest,
 To see the sun wade the eastern blue,
 Or sink in the golden west,
 And the monarch bird scream'd the echo back,
 Expanding his wings of might;
 And the dun deer leap'd o'er her rocky track,
 To glens of livelong night.

I loved to study the rocks and woods,
 The finger of God was there,
 His beauty I saw in the gentle floods,
 And his voice was in the air;
 And while from the dizzy peak I gazed,
 Or in the dim valley trod,
 Three words in the golden picture blazed,
 Eternity—Nature—God.

 STANZAS.

THEY say there's a magical fire in the bowl,
 Which can brighten the mind and ennoble the soul:
 They say there's a spirit existing in wine
 That spreads sunshine and joy o'er our days of decline.

But think not that I, who in life's flowery road,
 On many a thorn of affliction have trod,
 Could madly the blessings of friendship resign,
 For the cankering spirit existing in wine.

Oh! no—though the bowl may enliven awhile,
 The cheeks that have long been unblessed with a smile,
 Yet, yet when the fumes of the nectar are gone,
 How sharply the pangs of our sorrows return.

Then preach to me not of the power of wine,
 It cannot illumine a spirit like mine;
 For the heart that has bled o'er its sorrows for years,
 No antidote knows but the balsam of tears.

 DECAY.

I've gazed upon the beautiful,
 The smiling and the bright,
 With gay hearts bounding merrily,
 And eyes that swam in light.
 Time's course was onward—where the eye
 Flash'd with effulgent ray,
 Was Age's dim and listless glance—
 The youthful—where are they?

The forest deep, I used to love
 In boyhood's early prime;
 The saplings and the sturdy oaks,
 That seem'd to scoff at time.

I saw them in their pride, nor thought
 Ere I myself grew gray,
 That Time was gnawing at their hearts,
 The wild woods—where are they?

I lov'd the house where first I caught
 The bright blaze of the sun;
 The garden where I used to play
 When my school-task was done.
 My young companions whom I met
 At dawn and close of day,
 The friends of brighter, happier years—
 My playmates—where are they?

My mother school'd my tender mind,
 With smiles and kindly tears;
 My father rear'd me for the strife
 And cares of older years
 The world was wide, I roam'd it o'er,
 And *hoped* from day to day;
 But, oh! my faithful guides were lost—
 My parents—where are they?

Aye, where are they—the beautiful,
 The forest and its shade;
 The house where I first saw the sun,
 The garden where I play'd?
 Where are the cherish'd of my youth?
 My parents—where are they?
 Sibyl!—unfold the mystic page—
 'Tis written there—*Decay!*

TO E.

ARE,—there thou sleep'st, thy lovely cheeks still tinged
 With hues of bashfulness; thine eyelids fringed
 With ebon lashes, and around thy lip
 A thousand loves are gathering, to sip
 The honied treasures there. Yes, I have watched
 For hours those pouting lips; and if I touch'd
 With memory's hand the chord of days gone by,
 There came a cheering beam from that mild eye,
 Which told me I should never feel agen
 The bitter pang my spirit suffered then.
 Sleep on, my dearest!—may thy dreams be fair,
 Fill'd with those forms so beautiful and rare,
 That bless an infant's sleep, when smilingly
 It couches on its mother's breast. To thee,
 Fair partner of my life, my spirit clings,
 As if some fairy pow'r had clipp'd its wings,
 And bade it roam no more, but doubly bless'd,
 Live with the dove that nestles in thy breast:
 To thee I turned, when all had turned from me;
 When *Friendship's* form was clad in ice, in thee
 I saw a faithful one whose heart alone
 Was proud to share the sorrows of my own.

How little do men value woman's love!
 Firm as a rock which tempests cannot move,
 Her faith is fix'd, while man but little knows
 How his unkindness wrests away the rose
 That Hope had nurtured on her cheek. Sleep on
 Sweet source of all my joy—the golden sun
 Comes from his orient bed and gilds the deep,
 But still be bright thy dreams, and calm thy sleep.

"She is beautiful as the lily-bosomed hour that gladdens the visions of the poet, when, soothed to thoughts of pleasantness and peace, the downy pinions of sleep wave over his turbulent soul."

THOU art a budding rose, from whose dew lips
 The willing soul sweet draughts of magic sips;
 In the hoar forest bends its tender stem
 With graceful pride. Thou art a costly gem,
 Pouring its lustre in those shadowy groves
 Where the lone bird of evening flies, and loves
 To send his song upon the moonlight air,
 Or flap his freckled wings, the while the glare
 Of its transcendent beauty seems to vie
 With stars for pureness and resplendency.

A loftier harp than mine to thee should raise
 Its soul-felt cadence, and in notes of praise
 Fashion the strain, so that the wandering finger
 Ere once it strikes, twice o'er the chords should linger.
 But oh! there is a cold and dark'ning chain
 Thrown o'er its wires, that numbs its wonted strain
 Of liveliness; a sombre fiend whose wings
 Muffle the life and pathos of its strings:
 Yet, while deep in the kernel of my breast
 I feel its arrows rankling, the heart unblest
 With joy's warm throb, may beat at Beauty's name,
 And own for thee a more than common flame.

* * * * *

Mild forest flow'r! chaste as the pearliest dew
 That hangs upon the violet's leaf of blue;
 If e'er again the minstrel's feet should kiss
 Thy vine-clad door, the home of happiness;

If e'er again thy mellow voice should lull
 The storms of grief that rage within his soul;
 Then, then he'll feel that *one* soft smile remains
 To ease his bosom of its woes and pains.
 'Twas once his pride to mingle with the gay,
 And warm his soul in pleasure's sunny ray;
 'Twas once his pride to banquet on the smiles
 Of ripening beauty; all her luring wiles
 Were sweet to him; but now they beam in vain;
 Their charms may please, but not allure again.

May peace invest thy path with thornless flow'rs,
 And scatter sweets within thine airy bowers:
 And oh! if e'er the canker-worm of woe
 Should pierce thy heart and chill its wonted glow;
 If e'er the rose that paints thy cheeks to-day,
 In poisoning grief should waste and fade away—
 Thy bard shall gaze upon the blasted flower,
 And mourn the perish'd glory of an hour;
 Then, o'er the drooping stem he'll bend and say
 "God's fairest works are quickest to decay!"

 WOMAN.

WHERE'S the star that glimmers brightest,
 From its sphere of heavenly hue?
 Where's the lily, that is whitest,
 When 'tis sprinkled o'er with dew?

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Mark the warm glance of Woman's eye;
 There the brightest star appears;
 Mark her cheek of the lily's dye,
 When 'tis wet with sorrow's tears.

Where's the rose that blooms the sweetest,
 As it yields its rich perfume?
 Where's the melody that's fittest
 'To dispel our bosom's gloom?
 Mark the soft tinge of Woman's lip,
 Balm'd with odours of her breath;
 Her notes—as on our ear they creep,
 Sing our sorrows into death.

Ye grow in a desert, wild and lonely,
 Boon of Heav'n!—flower of love!
 At first designed for angels only,
 Images of those above.
 Man, like an oak stood drear and sad;
 Clouds his majesty o'erhung,
 'Till thou, an ivy, simply clad—
 Round his rugged branches clung.

 WHAT IS GOD?
Meslier.

Go ask the Heavens at stilly night,
 While the stars roll in harmony,
 While the moon pours her silvery light
 On the glad bosom of the sea.

Go ask the comet as it flies
 Before the stream of burning air;
 Ask every planet in the skies,
 And they will tell you God is there!

Look on the troubled ocean, dress'd
 In the dread terrors of the storm;
 The angry billow's frothy crest,
 And ask them whose almighty arm
 Raised their wild tumult? Ask the flash
 That flickers through the trembling air;—
 An answer's in the awful crash
 Of bursting clouds—great God is there!

Speed to the mountain top, and look
 Upon the sun, the meadows fair;
 God's name is writ in nature's book,
 His spirit wanders every where.
 He is the great first cause of all,
 The earth, the air, the sky, the sea;
 Time will have end, and *Death* will fall,
 But God's life is *Eternity!*

TO ———.

Oa! well I remember, when thou wert a girl,
 Just fresh in the mild, dewy morning of life,
 How often I robb'd those sweet lips of a pearl,
 Then smooth'd down thine anger by calling thee—wife!

And well I remember, how bravely I took,
 A whipping at school for some mischief of thine;
 How I hid every tear in the leaves of my book,
 When thine eye, beaming feeling, turned slyly on mine.

Our childhood was passed like a sun-shiny day
 Pass'd 'midst flowers whose offerings were tint and perfume;
 Like the bee we sipp'd honey—then off and away
 To the flower that was sweetest and richest in bloom.

When we reach'd that warm season of life, when the heart
 Takes lessons in love, we began then to find
 How groundless our hopes, and how hard 'twas to part
 The links of affection which childhood had twined.

Now cold-hearted Prudence her brow sternly bends
 When those dear little follies, so cherish'd before,
 Creep into our hearts—and we're nothing but *friends*,
 For we know that 'tis wrong to be any thing more.

Yet trust me—and Prudence may frown as she please,
 She cannot prevent me from telling the truth,
 I would barter a score of such cold days as these,
 For one little gleam of the sunshine of youth.

TO ESTELLE.

I've read a tale somewhere, of one who saw
 A spirit in his dreams, from whose dear lips
 There poured such melody, that his proud soul,
 Unbridled as it was, leapt at the sound
 And taught him how to *feel*. That spirit reign'd
 Sole mistress of his dreams; awake—asleep,
 The phantom hovered near; and, when he looked
 Upon the countless stars, or watched the moon,
 As she looked laughingly upon the waves

That upward leapt to catch her truant rays,
 The spirit still was there—his beacon star!
 He sought among the fairest of the earth
 A smile—a voice like that the spirit owned;
 He courted lips that had been *taught* to sing
 The melody of nature—many an eye
 Of diamond brightness shed its fire on him,
 Many a fairy form pass'd by—but none
 Were like the spirit of his early dreams.

I, in the waywardness of youth, was taught
 By the strange witchery of thy song, to think
 That thou wert she, who, in my heated brain
 Had worked a spell which must depart with life.
 'Tis strange that we should be so *strange*—I've heard
 A tale of *thee*, which seem'd so like *romance*,
 That I could hear it o'er and o'er, and yet
 Delight in hearing it rehearsed again.
 Why ask if I am happy? *All* may be
 If they court smiles instead of tears: The world
 Was made for happiness; the *poetry*
 Of life lies in its true enjoyment; and,
 We are but atoms thrown upon a star.

Fair spirit of my dreams! yes, I will seek
 Once more for thee the shadow'd glen; the brook
 Shall have a voice, each breath of air that plays
 Among the yellow leaves, shall bid awake
 The wind-harp of the words: the flowers shall tell
 Their melancholy tales of love, and all
 That poets seek shall breathe out "inspiration."
 I'll climb the hoary rock and converse hold
 With those bright jewels of the night, which look

Like distant beacon-lights to heaven—the stars.
I'll read the mysteries of the sea, the deep,
Unfathomable sea, and on its bosom,
As waveless as a mass of molten silver,
Write thoughts of fire. Or, when the winds arise
And angry clouds are gathering around,
My thoughts shall pierce the purple mist, to trace
The splendor and the majesty of heaven.
Since childhood's hour, I've ever lov'd to stand
Amidst the warring elements, to mark
The bursting of the leaden vapours, and
Their fiery offspring. God's mightiness
Is writ upon the storm.

But what are these
When life's dull speculation calls us on?
Yes—there are *things of life* which bind the soul,
By nature proud and lofty, down to the earth;
Nature in all her mystery, the skies,
The seas, the woods, and all their thousand wonders,
No more have power to charm, man is—but man.
Sweet minstrel! didst thou know how oft thy name
Has hung upon the lips of two made one
By thy sweet numbers, thou wouldst still sweep o'er
Thy mellow harp, and teach us how to love
The music for the pensive minstrel's sake.

TO ROSABEL.

Proud flower of the forest!—I see thee no more,
The days of our joys and our rambles are o'er:
The echo is silent—the stream murmurs not,
The song of our lips by the glen is forgot.

We loved on the volume of Nature to look,
To muse on the mountain, and read in the brook;
And the thunder-charged cloud with its golden-tinged crest,
Seem'd a beautiful couch where an angel might rest.

The ice-queen has touch'd every flower that we loved,
And scatter'd her down o'er the fields while she roved;
And sear'd are the leaves—while the woods try to screen,
The rainbow that sleeps on their foliage of green.

'Twere madness to name thee when others are near,
The wild glen alone the dear music may hear—
To think and to dream—with hearts, hope-bereft,
To cherish *one* memory—is *all* that is left.

The bright and the beautiful flit round me now,
But my soul turns from them, and asks "where art thou?"
While the spirit of music awakes—all rejoice—
But my heart only beats at the sound of thy voice.

TO ****.

REMEMBER the moments when Time dipp'd his wing
 In the fountain of Pleasure, and hurried along,
 When thy harp held a soul upon every string,
 And the notes of affection were breathed in thy song.

Remember the moments when hope's cheering ray
 Was shrouded by Poverty's vapor of sorrow;
 When, if one drop of pleasure was tasted to-day,
 It was sure to distil a rank gall on the morrow.

Let the waters of Lethe still silently roll,
 No thirst shall compel me to dip in the stream;
 For, while there's a ray to illumine my soul,
 My harp shall be true to its own cherish'd theme.

Let the baned tongue of calumny sting as it will,
 One look on thy tears will reverse its decree;
 And thy name shall be verdant on memory still,
 Though 'twere death to the harp that still trembles for thee.

Warm bosoms shall greet thee wherever thou rovest,
 And many a wreath round thy brow shall be twined;
 But, oft cast a look on "the star that thou lovest,"
 And think of the warm heart's left beating behind.

As true as the magnet that points to the pole,
 Tho' cased in its box it roams the world over,
 Thy name shall fore'er be enshrined in my soul,
 And thy spirit alone in my visions shall hover.

Then, fare thee well—lone one, whenever thine eye
 With the light of even-star mingles its ray,
 Should the thoughts of the past be unblest with a sigh,
 May that star, the pure pearl of the heavens, decay!

TO MY SISTER,

FAREWELL, dear Eliza, wherever I roam,
 O'er the sands of the tropics, or snows of the pole,
 My heart shall still yearn for the roses of home,
 And thy cherished image be wrapt in my soul.

And, oh!—when the sunbeam of joy lights thy brow,
 And the smile of contentment illumines thine eye;
 One thought on the fate of thy brother bestow,
 To gild the remembrance of pleasures gone by.

The morning of life was all sunshine to him,
 No clouds then had darken'd a heaven so bright;
 But his day-star of glory at noon-tide grew dim,
 And he shrunk from the tempest that threatens his night.

But, oh!—let it pass, and be silent to thee,
 The harp which is tuned by the spirit of sorrow;
 Though the sky of to-day, dark and cheerless may be,
 We may hail a bright beam on the dawn of the morrow.

I go far away to a warm southern clime,
 Where the laugh and the song add new flame to our glasses;
 Where Love steals the down from the pinions of Time,
 If he pays not a tribute as fleetly he passes.

And there—as I stray in a deep orange grove,
 Or pluck the ripe fig from the dark-foliaged-tree;
 My spirit shall fly to the friends that I love,
 My father, my mother, my brothers, and thee!

And I will forget my own sorrows to share
 The pangs that perhaps, in thy young bosom dwell;
 For cold were my heart, if it felt not a care
 For the one that's enshrined in its kernel—farewell.

ON MUSIC.

WHEN far from the scenes of my childhood I rov'd,
 Forgotten by those whom my bosom held dear,
I caught the mild strain of a song that I lov'd
 In the days of my youth, stealing soft on my ear.
How welcome, how blissful the feeling it gave!
 It told me of pleasures long, long past away;
And I questioned myself—if these numbers still live,
 Oh! why should remembrance so quickly decay!

Oh! music! what language can breathe so like thee,
 New life on the heart that is sinking in death?
How cold and how cheerless existence would be,
 Were our cares not appeased by thy life-giving breath.
When the strain of my boyhood passed slowly along,
 It brought me again to my own fireside;
And I caught every note of the soul-stealing song,
 To store in and cherish the dream ere it died.

 THE TRI-COLORED BANNER.

AGAIN thou art waving, proud banner of France!
 Where the shrill trumpet brays, and the nodding plumes dance;
Again thou art waving—and flap in the air,
 As true as the strong arm that unfurled thee there.

While in the glad sunbeams thy rainbow hues shine,
A tumult is heard from the Seine to the Rhine:
The nation awakes, and the hymn of the free,
Peals loud from the lips of the proud Marseillee.

The lash has been torn from the grasp of the foe,
 The crown and its myrmidons both are laid low;
 The word has been spoken—the soul of the free
 Flashes bright from their eye as they gaze upon thee.

Proud banner!—like thee our flag streamed on high,
 A rainbow whose tints were impressed on the sky;
 It rose—and the injured quick rallied around,
 It waved—and the tyrant was hurled to the ground.

We hail thee, bright ensign of red, white and blue,
 Be twined with our own round the hearts of the true,
 But may thy deep tints, like the blending of light,
 Ne'er mingle together to form the pure *white*.*

* The concentrated rays of the sun form white; the royal standard
 of France is white.

TO TWIN SISTERS.

ON THEIR BIRTH DAY.

Venus was born on ocean's breast,
 But rose unto the courts above,
 And, in her native beauty drest,
 Inspired the deities to love.

But when to thee the light was given,
 Two prophet-stars shone on thy birth;
 The one foretold thy flight to heaven,
 The other marked thy reign on earth.

Nature on thee her bounties threw,
 And utter'd, when the work was done;
 "Of Venuses, the earth hath *two*,
 While high Olympus boasts but *one*."

Sunbeam of love! and mountain flower!
 Tall forms grow bent, bright locks grow gray;
 For life is but one golden hour
 Shed through a dark and stormy day.

Look on the mirror of the past,
 Perchance another day may see
 The flow'ret hurl'd upon the blast,
 Robb'd of its sweet perfumery!

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TO M. F.

On presenting her with her Miniature.

MARY!—when on the ivory white,
 Your angel face my pencil drew;
 I strove to pluck from realms of light
 Soft colours of the loveliest hue.

But all the tints that heav'n could give,
 Shone faint, when like a sylph you smiled;
 Could I have made the semblance live,
 How hard—how long would I have toiled!

Where is the lustre of the eye!

Where the soft smile, the modest blush?

Lips that have music in their sigh,

Cheeks that have roses in their flush?

Oh! it wants nature's master hand

To copy from a work so fair,

An eye so soft—a smile so bland,

Such ruby lips—such silken hair!

Mary, accept *yourself* from one,

Whom friendship tempted to portray

Your pretty face—and now 'tis done,

Remember him when far away.

SONG OF "THE RESURRECTION MAN."

We dig and we delve by the quivering light

Of the cold and silent moon,

While no noise disturbs the reign of night

But the clock that tells its noon;

And the mattock's sound

On the frozen ground,

Keeps time to our voices tune.

The ghosts of dead people are flitting by;

And they chide us with their gaze;

While each wind-blast utters the dying sigh,

Of the flesh of other days.

But we'll still work on

Despite of dawn,

'Till the clay-cold form we raise.

The charnel-house opens its heavy doors,
 And the bones of dead men shake;
 But the clatter of teeth and skeleton jaws,
 Can never our labor break.
 On the new made bed
 Of the silent dead
 We will work 'till the morn awake.

We know 'tis the tender and comely form
 Of a maiden lov'd and young;
 And we know that her heart was true and warm,
 While spells on her proud lips hung.
 But we little mourn,
 For those charms were gone,
 When the dirge of the maid was sung.

Now up with the beautiful sleeper, my boys,
 Lo! she seems to dream of bliss;
 And her silent lips still tell the joys,
 They gave in the living kiss.
 But we love her cold,
 In the death shroud's fold,
 On a church yard couch like this!

TO ESTELLE.

My lyre hath slept through years, but it shall wake
 Once more to thee, child of the plaintive song!
 The cold, cold-hearted have untuned its strings,
 And dark forgetfulness hath spread its veil
 O'er half the past. When will the sky look bright!

When will the sun rise gloriously as once
 'Twas wont to do? When will the trees, the brooks,
 And the green fields, to me seem as a page
 On which is written "inspiration!" Aye—
 When will the clouds throw back their silvery folds,
 And give a poet's glimpse of bright, though deep
 Infinity?—and the great sea, with all
 Its mightiness, when will it ope to me?
 Never again—yet Time, though from the mind
 He steal its glorious light, hath not upon
 The heart thrown iciness; *there* feeling lives
 As warm, as fond as when 'twas known in youth.

Daughter of song! there's in thy minstrelsy
 A plaintiveness which wins upon the heart;
 And I have often sat with *one well loved*,
 Gazing upon the jewelled night, and while
 The melancholy moon slow wended on
 Her trackless way—we've talked of thee, and all
 The joys and sweet *romance* of other days.
 Those days are past—friend after friend has gone—
 "That little word *farewell*" has oft been breathed,
 The fervent press of hands, the look that speaks
 Volumes of *soul*—the last look of a friend.
 Time doth work wondrous changes; now, alone
 Upon the world's wide waste we stand, and raise
 The shadowy forms of dear departed ones.

Again, Estelle, sweep o'er thy golden lyre,
 Give it the voice of other days—a voice
 Which fell upon the heart of *one*, like notes
 Of magic, wing'd from Chindera's fount.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

The following lines were suggested on reading an account of the burial of Major Dade's unfortunate detachment, who were recently butchered by the Seminole Indians.

BRING up the dead—we've turn'd the sod,
And hollow'd out their prairie grave,
Here, where in martial pride they trod,
The young, the comely and the brave.
The vulture long hath batton'd on
Our murder'd comrades' cold remains;
The prairie wolf hath howl'd and gone
To covert on the grassy plains.

Pile up the dead—they perish'd all
With front toward the savage foe;
Nor turn'd they from the death-wing'd ball,
The reeking knife, or hatchet's blow.
And every inch was dearly bought,
Though death-howls echoed every side;
Their prostrate ranks tell how they fought,
Their mangled limbs tell how they died.

Lay out the dead—on Freedom's flag,
The proudest shroud a soldier craves!
No war-whoop rises from the crag,—
Now, place them in their desert graves.
Here plant the cannon which spoke not
In dreadful tones of vengeance deep,
That travellers may mark the spot
Where Dade's brave band in silence sleep.

Peace to the dead—you need not fear
To weep upon this gory sod;
There's manliness in every tear,—
And eloquence that speaks to God!
Avenge them with your dearest blood—
For every drop the savage shed,
Draw streams as red from hearts that would
Decoy and slay.—Peace to the dead!

TO D. W. ON HER SINGING.

TEACH me to feel that heavenly glow,
Which naught can, like thy song, impart;
And by the power of music, throw
Love's silken toils around my heart.
Stars love to wink in music's spell,
While heaven's mysterious numbers roll;
But, oh!—*those* eyes, which burning, tell
That music's birth-place is the soul!

Breathe from thy lips the charm again,
Call back the spirit that has flown;
For, though its presence gives me pain,
Yet 'tis congenial with my own.
And though the sigh may leave my lips,
The tear-drop half in secret roll—
Think not my spirit passive sleeps,
No—there is music in my soul!

I would not lose one little breath
 Of thy soul-stealing song, for all
 Those soft, empyreal notes, that wreathe
 Around night's starry coronal.
 No—it is heav'n on earth to me,
 A bliss, beneath whose sweet control
 My glances fondly turn to thee,
 To learn the language of the soul.

ROSABEL.

THE loves seemed clustering round her dewy lips,
 The while they drank the nectar of her sighs;
 And there was music on her finger tips,
 And eloquence beamed from her mild blue eyes.

Her hair was like the tassel of the maize,
 And, as the zephyrs woo'd each silken tress,
 It seemed as if they toiled with golden rays,
 And strung out blisses in their wild excess.

She loved the greenwood and the mountain peak,
 The silent glen—the melody of streams;
 She loved the wind that kiss'd her glowing cheek,
 The moon that robed her with its mellow beams.

She loved to see the angry billows lash
 The hoary rock upon the ocean shore—
 The eye of God was in the lightning's flash,
 His voice was in the hollow thunder's roar:

The limpid streamlet as it danced along,
 Toss'd its bright wavclets round her snowy feet;
 And every breeze seem'd burden'd with her song,
 And every flower she touch'd seem'd passing sweet.

A thing so bright could not be strange to love,
 He sought his victim in her forest home;
 She warm'd him in her bosom, like a dove,
 And gently pray'd that he might never roam.

The glen, the wild wood, and the moonlit sea
 Lost every charm—the melancholy breeze
 Stole round her harp and caught its melody,
 Then bore it sadly through the forest trees.

A change came o'er her sky, erst so serene,
 And there were pangs where once contentment dwelt;
 The lily flourished where the rose had been,
 Her smiles were like the moon-beams—sad, unfelt.

The valley—streamlet murmured—Rosabel!
 And, Rosabel! the sighing breeze replied;
 The dew-drop shone in many a flowret's cell,
 And seem'd to sorrow for the forest pride.

Mysterious power of love!—thy blight was on
 The youthful brow and cheek, and budding lips;
 Where was the glance—the step of timid fawn,
 The beamy smile that ne'er had known eclipse?

The melancholy stars would nightly drink
 The rival lustre of her burning tears,
 And, robed in borrow'd softness, proudly wink
 And move harmonious through their azure spheres.

Grief placed an icy signet on her brow,
 She pined away—the lorn, forsaken one;—
 No pang can reach her cold, cold bosom now,
 Her dreamless sleep can be disturbed by none.

TO ****.

(On her asking the author to make choice of a gemmed Ring for her)

WERE I born to repose in the depths of the sea,
 I then might make choice of a min'ral for thee,
 But no, Madame Nature hath order'd that I
 Should not bask in the ocean nor soar in the sky.

But list to my lay. Once the Queen of the waters
 Held a meeting of all of old Ocean's fair daughters:
 Her throne was of coral and studded around
 With the loveliest gems that her nymphs ever found.

'List maids of the ocean!' the smiling Queen cried,
 'The shores of the deep must be searched far and wide;
 For she who will show me the loveliest gem,
 Shall win her reward from my own diadem.'

'Twas said—and while strains of soft music soar'd round,
 The zore of each Nereid was quickly unbound,
 And each garment stream'd out on the tide light and free,
 As she search'd every grotto, and cave of the sea.

Some brought the bright emerald, translucent and green,
 And some shower'd sapphires before the fair Queen,
 While others brought rubies and garnets to view—
 But no, though all lovely, still would they not do.

At length came the diamond as pure and as bright
 As the spirit that bore it, but scarcely as light,
 'Ah! no,' said the Queen—'tis too rich, and I am told
 Tho' it sheds brilliant beams, yet the radiant is cold.'

The next fairy nymph brought a gem dark as night,
 'Twas a jet undelighting, tho' costly and bright—
 'Cast it down the abyss!' cried they all in a breath,
 'Tis a sorrowful gem and the emblem of death.'

Soon far, far a spirit was seen through the deep
 Adown the blue waters with fleetness to sweep;
 Her form was transparent—her silvery curls
 Were deck'd with a tiar of the loveliest of pearls.

'Here, here!' cried the spirit, 'in coral-girt bowers,
 This pearl have I pluck'd from a bed of sea-flowers;
 'Tis the tear-drop of virtue, and blest be the girl
 Whose heart is as taintless and pure as a pearl.'

The fair sovereign smiled, and the costliest gem
 She could find 'midst the crowd of her bright diadem,
 She gave as a meed to the nymph. Then, dear girl,
 Let thy ring be bedeck'd with simplicity's pearl.

EARTH'S BRIGHT SPOTS.

TO ESTELLE.

THERE are bright spots on earth, tho' dull
 To nobler stars our orb may seem;
 AS seas, tho' dark and drear they roll,
 HAVE isles of bright and fairy green.

Whither do all our fancies fly,
 When to a stranger-land we roam?
 Where turns the heart— where turns the eye?
 I need not ask—to home, dear home.

I stand upon a hoary rock,
 High round its base rolls up the sea;
 I scorn the surges mighty shock,
 For that lone spot's a home to me.
 To the proud waves I cry, "roll on!
 With all thy rage, I fear thee not,
 For here I stand alone—alone—
 Safe on one little cherish'd spot."

In boyhood's day I used to love
 To wander through a flowery vale,
 Where all was peace around—above—
 And fragrance filled the gentle gale.
 The place to me was all the world,
 I pray'd that it might be my lot
 To slumber where its waters purl'd
 Like tears upon Earth's beauty-spot.

Why, plaintive minstrel, why repine?
 Are there not joys in store for thee?
 Oh! could I touch a harp like thine,
 Its music would be life to me.
 I'd read the stars, the woods, the stream,
 And to the flow'rs my story tell;
 Yes—life should be one glorious dream,
 Could I but *feel* like thee, Estelle.

TO LAURA.

HATH heaven oped to thee, fair child,
That thus thou smilest in thy dreams?
Or hath thy birth-star haply smil'd
While shedding its prophetic beams?
If infants dream, how bright must be
The forms that flit before their view,
Like stars that kiss the silent sea,
Or beams that drink the violet's dew.

Aye, blossom forth—the sun of life
Is shining brightly on thee now;
Before thee opes a scene of strife,
And cares are circling round thy brow,
Thou'rt blooming on a barren strand,
And blighting winds howl round thy form;
But there's above a friendly hand,
Can hush the blast and lull the storm.

I'll guard thee with a parent's care,
Sweet miniature of life! I'll dress
Thy path with flow'rets bright and rare,
A tribute to thy loveliness.
And when old age hath mark'd my brow
With many a deep and hoary line;
My prop to lean upon be thou,
The task to close mine eyes be thine.

PRIZE POEM.

SONG OF THE WIND.

WHENCE come ye with your odour-laden wings,
 Fond, viewless wanderer of a summer night?
Why sportive kiss my lyre's trembling strings,
 Fashioning wild music—which the light
 Of listening orbs doth seem in joy to drink?
 Ye wanton round my form, and kiss my brow,
 While I hold converse with the stars that wink
 And laugh upon the mirror stream below.

"Oh, I have come fresh from the sun-beaten climes,
 With the incense rich of a thousand sweet flowers,
 I have frolicked in many a forest of limes,
 And stolen the dew drops from jessamine bowers.

I have kiss'd the white crest of the moon-lit wave,
 And bosom'd the sail of the reckless barque;
 I have sung my mad dirge o'er the sea-boy's grave,
 And fann'd up the blaze of the meteor spark.

I have wander'd along the sea's pebbly shore,
 And wanton'd around the young sea-nymphs form;
 I have play'd with the surf when its frolic was o'er,
 And murmured aloud with the coming storm.

I have wildly careered through the shivering shrouds,
 And rent the reef'd sail of the corsair in twain;
 I have scream'd at the burst of the thunder-clouds,
 And laugh'd at the rage of the frothy main.

But erst, and I left on an ocean-girt rock
That tower'd alone o'er the battering wave,
The wreck of a ship, which the tempest's wild shock,
Had borne, with her wealth, to a watery grave.

And lonely and sad o'er her shivering form,
The last of her bold crew, an aged man stood;
He heard not the notes of the loud piping storm,
While he triumphed alone in his wild solitude.

I lifted the locks from his time-stricken brow,
And I kiss'd the hot tears from his care-furrow'd cheek;
When he cried out—"my comrades—oh! where are they now?"
I answer'd him loud—"To the billow and seek!"

He spoke of his home and his own cherish'd ones—
But the muttering thunder alone made reply;
The lightnings flash'd bright like a myriad of suns,
And the waves vaulted up to the dark leaden sky.

Oh! that sorrowing man!—how he smote on his breast,
How he wept for the world he was going to leave;
He shrunk from the grave where his bold comrades rest,
And he cried for life's joys, only made to deceive.

Then o'er his wan visage a holy light spread,
As he turned toward heaven a mild pleading eye;
He mutter'd a prayer for the peace of the dead,
While I whisper'd him softly—"the soul cannot die."

A smile threw its light round his feverish lips,
As he laid on the rock his hoary old head—
The cold spirit came—'twas a moment's eclipse,
A struggle—a sigh—and his spirit had fled!

Where the citron tree pouts with its golden hue'd fruit,
 And the coffee-plant shakes to the fiery breath;
 I have waken'd the song of the Spanish girl's lute,
 While I placed on her lip the cold signet of death.

For the death-plague had perched on my shadowless wings,
 And the form that I touch'd became lifeless and cold;
 To the dirge I awaken'd the lute's steeping strings,
 And it sung of the maiden whose days were all told.

I hurried me on—and the things of the earth
 Fell stricken with death as I warder'd along;
 I blasted the smile of the board and the hearth,
 And I levelled alike both the feeble and strong.

But, shrink not—I've gather'd the sweets of the flowers,
 And, laden with perfume, I come to thee now,
 To kiss the dew-lips of the rosy-winged hours,
 And play with the dark locks that shadow thy brow.

THE PESTILENCE.

I come—I come! but not with the breath
 That mild from the breast of the flower-queen springs;
 The air that I bring is the siroc of death,
 My incense the poison that drops from his wings.

In the bright sunny south, the land of sweet flowers,
 They laughed, and they said that I could not come there;
 But I flapp'd my broad wings o'er their fields and their bowers,
 And where lay their fairest and loveliest—where?

In the east, where the mountains are kissing the sky,
 While chrystaline rivers are rolling beneath;
 They said their pure zephyrs would hurry me by,
 But I came—and their proudest lay writhing in death.

Then bending my course o'er the snows of the north,
 I scatter'd the blight from my pinions of fire;
 The mighty in battle fell as they went forth,
 And the holiest, loveliest, shrunk in my ire.

I come to the west, where the mountains are high,
 And the breezes are charged with the incense of flowers,
 Where the eye has no tear—where the lips have no sigh,
 Where life is one chain of joy-lumined hours.

I've soar'd o'er the palace—I've soar'd o'er the cot,
 I've rais'd my death-cry o'er the brave and the fair,
 Where Liberty dwells is the holiest spot,
 So I'll blast the fond smile that is brightening there.

THE AERONAUT'S FAREWELL.

To the clouds!—to the clouds my course I steer,
 Where the winds are mute and the heavens clear;
 Where the glorious light of the setting sun,
 Seems all diamond and gold, as I wander on.

Like a bird, on my trackless way I fly,
 Lifted up by the breeze to the clear blue sky;
 The shouts of the thousands fall faint on my ear,
 As I wing my proud course to yon azure sphere.

Farewell to the earth!—for a while, farewell,
 Perhaps 'tis forever—no tongue can tell—
 Fate steers my car to those vapory isles
 Which the setting sun dresses in golden smiles.

I go, it is true, to the starry sphere,
 To dally with clouds, and their thunder hear;
 But the brightest of stars—the orbs that I prize,
 I leave beaming behind in fair ladies' eyes.

I go,—but the city where monuments tower,
 A tribute to those, who, in peril's hour
 Stood forth the bravest—and nobly fell—
 Lives warm in my heart as I bid farewell.

Lo!—yonder I see the proud battle field,
 Where the citizen host forced the Briton to yield;
 And still on McHenry's stout ramparts wave,
 The stripes and the stars of the free and the brave.

THE FETTERED EAGLE.

THEY'VE bound thee—bird of the mountain height!
 Proud emblem of the bold and free;
 They've bound thee—but thine eyes of light
 Are fixed upon immensity!
 They search for stars that are hid in day,
 For scatter'd lights that Sol hath quench'd;
 For mountain tops all hoar and grey,
 And glens by mountain torrents drench'd.

Thy home's beyond the golden rim
 Of yonder cloud where lightnings leap—
 And lo! the sun—thou look'st on him,
 Who shines alike on glen and steep.
 The lark is darting up the sky;
 The gull is soaring o'er the sea;
 But, fetter'd bird of the flashing eye!
 The realms of air are not for thee.

Thy spirit cannot brook those chains,
 Mount to the sun—thy home is there;
 One struggle yet, while life remains,
 One spring towards the depths of air!
 We cannot wear the tyrant's yoke,
 While Nature's dower is *Liberty*;
 One effort—and the link is broke,—
 Or we can die, proud bird, like thee.

THE DEAD INFANTS.

THE young and beautiful lay there;
 With Death's seal on their brow;
 Like moulded wax their fingers were,
 Their cheeks like drifted snow.

And we could pencil on their lips
 The cherub's smile—it seem'd
 As if through Death's midnight eclipse
 A ray of heaven gleamed.

Aye—there they slept—three little ones,
Torn from us ere they knew
The wilderness they had begun
With smiles to journey through.

Mourn not—mourn not—if ever spirit
Were fitted for the skies,
The young and spotless must inherit
The bliss of paradise.

And thou, sweet babe!—life had but just
With rose tinge touch'd thy brow,
When Death aside the flower thrust—
There blooms the lily now!

Thy little lips, which never breathed
A mother's name, are seal'd,
And Death around thy brow hath wreath'd
The light to saints reveal'd.

Farewell!—thou'st left a wilderness
For fields of endless light;
Unspotted is thine angel-dress,
Thy day hath now no night.

SONG—FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

WHEN Freedom from her starry home,
Looked down upon the drooping world,
She saw a land of fairy bloom,
Where Ocean's sparkling billows curled;
The sunbeams kiss'd its mighty floods,
And verdure clad its boundless plains—
But floods, and fields and leafy woods,
All wore alike a despot's chains!
"Do free!" she cried, "land of my choice;
Arise!—and put thy buckler on;
Let every patriot raise his voice
For LIBERTY and WASHINGTON!"

The word went forth from hill to vale,
Each patriot's heart leapt at the sound;
Proud Freedom's banner flapp'd the gale,
And Britain's chains fell to the ground.
Man stood erect in majesty,
The proud defender of his rights;
For where is he would not be free
From stern oppression's dead'ning blights!
Be free—be free then, happy land!
Forever beam the light that shone
Upon that firm and dauntless band
Who fought beside our WASHINGTON!

Lo! where the forest's children rove
'Midst woody hill and rocky glen,
Wild as the dark retreats they loved—
What now are towns, were deserts then.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

The world has mark'd our onward way,
 Beneath the smile of Liberty;
 And Fame records the glorious day
 Which made the western empire free.

Be free—be free then, glorious land!
 In *union* be thy millions *one*;
 Be strong in friendship's holy band,
 Thy brightest star—our WASHINGTON.

FRIENDSHIP.

THE holy spell that wraps the heart,
 The link misfortune cannot sever;
 The tie, when we are far apart,
 That binds more fervently than ever—
 Friendship!—with thy silken zone,
 Bind two sever'd hearts in one.

Thy spell is in the anxious eye,
 The tell-tale look when friends are parting;
 It whispers in the half-breathed sigh,
 And trembles in the tear-drop starting.
 Friendship! &c.

Thine is the power to soothe our cares,
 To gild with sunshine life's brief hours;
 To wipe away Grief's scalding tears,
 And strew the pilgrim's path with flowers.
 Friendship! &c.

MY HOME.

My home is where the Ocean's surf
Rolls glittering up the sunny shore;
Where rivers bathe the flowery turf,
Or down the craggy mountain roar.
My home is where the Eagle spreads
His wings for heaven's unbounded dome;
Where man in conscious freedom treads
The soil he proudly calls his own.

My home is where the red man trod
In all his untaught majesty,
Ere the lone pilgrims looked to God,
While on the wide and stormy sea.
My home is where the pious band
With holy anthems fill'd the air,
And by their prowess won the land
From savage foes—my home is there.

Where freedom is man's noblest dower,
Where right gives might to every one;
Where Liberty's a beacon tower
Whose flame is watch'd by sire and son.
Where woman's heart's as warm as free,
And man's ne'er own'd a wish to roam;
Where all things thrive with Liberty—
Columbia! thou'rt the patriot's home.

Land of the free heart's richest pride!
The exile's hope—the pilgrim's home,
Thy banner flutters far and wide,
A rainbow o'er the ocean's foam.

Be ever free—be ever blest—
 Thy daughters virtuous and fair;
 While Freedom's star shines o'er the west,
 I'll proudly say—my home is there!

TO ———.

THERE came a spirit down the path of heaven,
 And in her hand she bore a magic lyre,
 While the warm breathings of a summer even
 Danced round its form and languished on each wire.
 She brought rich music from that blissful sphere
 Where love delights to dwell—where souls that wore
 His silken chain on earth, in throngs appear,
 To taste the cup of happiness once more.
 A spell dissolving breathed in every note,
 When o'er the strings her lucid fingers flew—
 Oh! when such strains on trembling ether float,
 We drink in love as flowers drink in dew.
 Sweet ærial harp!—whose golden wires can steal
 The softest sigh that dwells on angel's tongue;
 'Tis but for hearts that love, that truly feel
 To catch the beauties of thy gentle song.
 Rich in the melody of bliss—thy strain
 Can draw grief's canker from the wounded heart;
 The soul that sinks shall rise to light again,
 And bid the shadows of Despair depart.
 Daughter of song! whose eager fingers sweep
 O'er the bright strings of Love's enamour'd lyre,

Lovely enthusiast! when should the sorrow'd steep
 Their souls in blisses?—When upon the wire
 Of thy enchanted harp that tide of soul
 Is pour'd, which lures the raptur'd mind to heaven,
 Which bids the floods of anguish cease to roll,
 And makes us bless the light of hope we live in!
 I knew a fair one, on whose harp divine
 The playful Loves' bestowed their sweetest breath,
 With wayward hope I called that dear harp mine
 To whisper love—and sing my cares to death!
 But those bright days are gone—no harp shall now
 Teach me to smile—no flowers of love shall bloom
 To form a sunbright chap'let for my brow,
 Or to embower my pathway to the tomb.

 IMPROMPTU,

*On seeing a faded rose on the bosom of Miss *****.*

In vain fair maid—in vain you strive
 To keep the drooping rose alive;
 The flower may live in sunny glow,
 But never can on *hills of snow*.

If you would have it live in bliss,
 Give it the nectar of your kiss—
 There's living balm in those twin dew-lips,
 A spell that turns the rose to *two-lips!*

SKETCH.

Oh! silent lake!—upon thy soft
 And waveless bosom, while I gaze
 My bosom beats—for memory oft
 Turns weeping to departed days.
 Oh! could I plunge in Lethe's stream
 And drink of dark forgetfulness,
 Then, then these lips might smile and seem
 Ne'er to have tasted bitterness.
 Fair lake! upon thy limpid breast
 The trembling moonbeams love to rest,
 For heaven is pictured there, with all
 Its host of melancholy stars, which fall
 Ever and anon towards the earth,
 As if they loath'd the milky girth.
 Thy bosom's calm—so once was mine,
 Mild—placid—glowing cheerfully;
 It wore the hue of heaven, like thine,
 And calmly look'd to heaven like thee.
 But wild the storm that came, and wild
 The blighting shower of tears that fell;
 And, where a heaven of peace once smil'd,
 Now frowns the dark domain of hell.
 Oh! for a look on that dear face,
 On which, in youth I used to trace
 The lineaments of love; whose smile
 Was sunshine to my soul, and while
 It beam'd with Love's own witchery,
 I basked within its 'fulgency.
 But now—'tis past. Fair-bosom'd lake!
 I woo her in thy waters, yés,

Her voice is in the whispering brake,
 Thou hast her smile of tenderness.
 Sleep in thy cave—thou envious breeze!
 Nor on these hallow'd waters break,
 For memory's voice is 'midst the trees,
 Her features are upon the lake.

STANZAS.

WHEN Time, who steals our bloom away,
 And traces furrows on our brow,
 Shall mark our narrow bed of clay,
 And bleach the cheeks so flushing now;
 Whose eye above the sod will weep,
 Where our cold relics rest alone?
 Why need I ask?—our silent sleep
 Will be observed—disturb'd by none.

None will regret. The *living* world
 Hold no communion with the dead;
 Friendship is past—the bolt is hurl'd—
 And all forget the soul that's fled.
 'Tis true—a secret tear may fall,
 A careless prayer be breathed, a sigh
 May pass the lips—but that is all—
 The best lov'd soon forgotten lie.

SONG OF THE EXPRESS RIDER.

CLEAR the way—for my mettlesome steed
Will turn from his pathway for none;
He rivals the swift wind in speed,
While the spur and the whip urge him on.

O'er the valley and hill still we go,
The hollow glen echoes his tramp;
He heeds not the wild winds that blow,
Nor the fogs of the midnight damp.

The storm-clouds may gather around,
And the red lightnings leap from their womb,
While thunders from rock to rock bound,
And the night-elfins shriek in the gloom.

Still onward and onward we speed
Through tempest and sunshine, 'tis one;
Hurrah! for my mettlesome steed,
We'll have rest when our duty is done.

Clear the way—I've got news for ye all,
The whole of the world's at my back;
I'll tell ye the rise and the fall
Of stocks and of banks—Clear the track!

I've slips for the press, "by Express,"
I have news by the last London packet;
I've accounts of the late Wall street *mess*—
So, please ye—I'll now change my jacket.

OUR FLAG IS THERE.

WHERE spicy winds kiss eastern shores
 And fervid sunbeams glare,
 Where mighty Ganges onward roars—
 Our flag is there!

Where Hecla belches out its fires
 Upon the trembling air,
 And tinges ranks of icy spires—
 Our flag is there!

Lo! where the ocean's wave
 Drinks in the lightning's glare,
 And mocks the thunder-bolts that rave—
 Our flag is there!

Look north and south, and east and west,
 Its stripes float on the air,
 Reflected from the water's breast—
 Our flag is there!

Where booming cannon tell the world
 What perils freemen dare,
 What gallant sign is that unfurled?
 Our flag is there!

Where states are bound in union strong,
 And glad songs fill the air,
 The land by Freedom cherished long—
 Our flag is there!

A FAREWELL.—TO S. H.

WHEN I have wander'd far away,
 Far from that lov'd and hallowd form,
 With scarce a soul-illuming ray
 To glitter through affliction's storm;
 When with despair, unbridled, wild,
 I dash joy's chalice from my lip,
 Mourn thou for him who would have smil'd,
 Had not dejection bade him weep.

I thought that long ere this the spring
 Of secret sorrow had been dried;
 I thought I'd snapp'd the zestless string
 O'er which the lips of grief had sigh'd;
 But no—the dark'ning fount still flows
 Damply upon the cheeks of song;
 Still shakes the cord which told my woes,
 As sadly as when first 'twas strung.

I saw thee for the last, perchance,
 Music was slumbering on thy lips;
 Heaven was beaming in thy glance,
 A heaven that knew no dark eclipse.
 Thou didst not seem to mark the tear
 That roll'd in sorrow from mine eye,
 Thou didst not seem to give an ear
 To the faint murmur of my sigh.

Thy lips were closed, no sound I heard,
 Yet in thine eye such fervour dwelt,
 I could not—dared not breathe a word,
 But mutely gazed and deeply felt.

Oh! that the heart which heats so high,
 Would burst at once its bleeding shrine;
 Then might that mild, yet piercing eye,
 Read every word that's writ on mine!

I saw thee smile, when, with a tongue
 That trembled as it broke the spell,
 I utter'd—and the word still hung
 Upon my lips—a last farewell.
 Yes—thou didst smile, and still believ'd
 'Twas for a while; but, ah! how vain;
 How soon was that young heart deceived—
 For we will never meet again!

Never—alas, 'tis almost death
 To speak that word, yet it must be;
 I fly—but every passing breath
 Shall wing my sighs and prayers to thee.
 I would not for the world apply
 To *his* old heart the shaft of pain;
 No—thou art rich—and what am I?
 Farewell—we must not meet again!

TO NANCY.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

BID me not on this virgin leaf
 Trace thoughts that move on sluggish wings,
 Trivial in mirth—and dark in grief,
 Dwelling too much on earthly things.

Bid me not blot a page so white,
 I scarce can pierce the realms of fancy;
 Yet, one warm, parting word I'll write
 To thee, my pretty, black-eyed Nancy.

'Tis long, 'tis very long since I
 Last saw a fondly cherished mother;
 And oft I've thought, yet knew not why,
 That earth could ne'er hold such another.
 But thou hast one, fond, tender, good—
 Spotless in soul, and chaste in fancy;
 Oh! I could write in warm heart's blood,
 Blest is the lot of black-eyed Nancy!

A sister once would smooth my brow,
 And like a seraph round me hover,
 Teach me to smile—'tis vanished now,
 The golden dream of youth is over,
 Thou hast a sister kind and true,
 Shaming the fairest flower of fancy;
 Yet I must bid thee all adieu,
 And with thee peace—my pretty Nancy!

Our hearts are linked, as if bright forms
 Of heavenly birth had blended them,
 Like rainbow tints—more rich in charms
 Than beams shed by the brightest gem.
 Dove of the heavens! nestle here,
 No power shall drive thee hence, while fancy
 Culls flowrets from her own bright sphere,
 For thee, my guileless, black-eyed Nancy!

Soul-cherished one! when I, with heart
 By nature warm, yet filled with folly,
 First met thee, joy bade care depart,
 And smiles succeed melancholy.
 Farewell! I never will forget,
 While memory is link'd with fancy,
 The day, the hour when first I met
 The burning glance of black-eyed Nancy.

GIVE ME THE CUP.

Give me the cup—I'll drink to her
 Who won me with her smiles and sighs;
 'Tis sweet to turn idolater
 To such a pair of sparkling eyes.
 What though she broke her plighted vow?
 'Tis *fashion* pioneers the way;
 And women scorn the victim now
 They loved so fondly yesterday.

Give me the cup—I'll drink her health,
 Although she nothing cares for me;
 Oh! may she taste the *sweets* of wealth,
 Free from the *bane* of constancy.
 And when in glittering halls she moves,
 Blest be the goblet which she sips
 In fervent pledge to him she *loves*,
 Whose name hangs trembling on her lips.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Give me the cup that's fill'd with wine;—
 Her vows were traced upon the strand;
 The waves roll'd up and not a line
 Was left upon the yellow sand.
 But, let her go—there's many a star
 Of silvery ray in yonder zone;
 I were a thoughtless worshipper,
 To scorn a *host* and weep for *one!*

ANACREONTIC.

*“Was ever woman in such humor wo’ld?
 Was ever woman in such humor won!”*

Nax, don't be angry, pri'thee don't,
 If I my suit too warmly press;
 For though your brow says—“no, I won't,”
 Your dewy lips seem whispering “yes!”

And, if you would be left alone,
 Oh! bid your glances cease to rove;
 For tho' your tongue says—“get ye gone,”
 Your eyes say—“no, come back, my love!”

If 'tis a sin to steal a kiss,
 Oh! let my longing lips begin:
 Who would not die a death like this,
 Still sinning kiss—and kissing sin!

What were lips made for, but for kisses?
 The tongue does all the telling part;
 Each kiss imparts a thousand blisses,
 Which thrill their way toward the heart.

There they collect, and there remain,
 While heart and pulse still quicker move;
 And then these blisses turn to pain,
 This—this is what the world calls *love!*

Do you not think my doctrine true?
 If sceptic still, I'll give you proof;
 One ling'ring kiss—nay, pri'thee, two,
 Now don't you think it true enough?

Feel you not in your bosom's core,
 A kindling fire—a kind of pain!
 Not yet convinced!—come, one kiss more—
 Now can you frown on me again?

With your sweet lips thus glued to these,
 With your fair arms thus round me thrown,
 I'll laugh—for never with more ease,
 Hath artful woman's love been won!

 THE CHANGE.

FAIREST!—when on your airy form
 My vision tarried, could I part
 The links of that delightful charm
 Which *Friendship* wrought around my heart!
 Oh, no—some inborn spirit wove
 The pleasing spell so soft, so sweet,
 That, though I did not dare to love,
 I could have worship'd at your feet!
 For then I said, all wrapt in bliss,
 "If there is joy on earth 'tis this!"

Sweetest!—oh, when your smile I saw,
 Like sunlight dawning on the ocean;
At Friendship's shrine I knelt no more,
 For *Love* had put his shaft in motion.
Then, could I stop the arrow's flight?
 Or could I dread a pang so sweet?
No—let me bask in beauty's light
 And kneel a lover at your feet!
 For then I sighed, while wrapt in bliss,
 "If there is Heaven on earth—'tis this!"

Dearest!—when on your coral lip
 I gave my first impassioned kiss,
Could love his golden pinions dip
 In more delicious balm than this?
Oh no!—I felt that 'twas my lot
 To taste the fire of inspiration;
And young Love's pulse was soon forgot,
 For then I knelt in adoration!
 And oh! I breathed, while wrapt in bliss,
 "If there is Heaven on earth—'tis this!"

Falsest!—the noon of *Love* is past;
 Your smiles are like the light that shone
On every flower, to fade at last,
 And leave a blight on every one!
Better to taste the poison'd breath
 The adder on the violet throws—
Better to press the lips of death,
 Than steal a kiss from such as those.
 For now I sigh in bitterness,
 "If there's a hell on earth—'tis this!"

TO MINNA.

When last we met I thought I read
In every little glance of thine,
A proud denial of the heart,
Which, foolishly, I thought was mine.
Say, did I wrongly read thy looks?
Did not my jealous bosom err?
Say yes,—and I am blessed again,
And once more kneel thy worshipper.

In childhood's hour, when all was gay,
When every flow'r bloomed fresh for us;
We spoke—we thought—we felt the same,
And little drempt of parting thus.
Now, in life's summer, when the heart
Should in its quickening pulse take pride,
The lips of love are cold and mute,
And friendship's chain is thrown aside.¹

Think, think how oft, in boyhood's pride,
I used to kiss thy tears away;
Show thee the stars in heaven's depths,
And say that thou wer't as bright as they.
This should not be—call back the hours,
When Time smiled as he passed along;
When every word of thine was like
Sighs trembling on the lips of song.

TO ———.

When I loved you, I can't but allow,
 I had many an exquisite minute,
 But the scorn that I feel for you now,
 Hath even more luxury in it — *Moore.*

YEs, I believed you true, and hung
 With rapture o'er your lovely form,
 Music seem'd ling'ring on your tongue,
 'Till falsehood broke the blissful charm.

'Twas sweet to drink the tears you shed,
 Tho' poison mix'd with ev'ry one;
 'Twas sweet to catch the sighs you breathed,
 Tho' truth and fervour dwelt in none.

Fool that I was to be the dupe
 Of icy tears and moonlight smiles,
 Before so false a shrine to stoop,
 And be a slave to woman's wiles.

But now the luxury of scorn,
 Steals o'er my heart, and every vow
 I've made to love in moments gone,
 Is cancell'd by my hatred now.

Go, and retail your studied arts
 At Love's vendue; and, like a leech,
 Buy largely at the sale of hearts,
 To feed upon the blood of each.

And when your smiles become too stale,
 When Love expiring yields to hate,
 Should bitter anguish then prevail,
 Blush at your shame—when 'tis too late.

THE BELLES OF BALTIMORE.

Oh, I have roved in foreign climes,
 The hardy north and sunny south;
 I've stray'd in shady groves of limes,
 And with their juices cool'd my mouth,
 And I have knelt at beauty's shrine,
 And lov'd till I could love no more,—
 Then I'd not seen the charms that shine
 Around the belles of Baltimore.

The Northern belle with freezing glance,
 All tutor'd cons the page of love,
 Before she yields, she weighs the chance,
 To know if prudence will approve,
 The Southern belle's the other way,
 The passion warms her bosom's core,
 Raging fierce an hour—or day,—
 Not so the belles of Baltimore.

A *mean* is better than *extremes*,¹
 Fiercer the flame—the sooner out;
 Our girls are placed between, it seems,
 And catch Love as he flies about;
 They warm him on their gentle breasts,
 And clip his wings lest he should soar;
 Forever there the wanderer rests,
 To bless the belles of Baltimore.

Then fill the beaker to the brim,
 The toast be “woman, kind and true,”
 A fond and lovely wife to him
 Who first casts off the amber dew.

Go north, go south, go east or west,
 Aye, closely search the wide world o'er—
 At last the heart will seek for rest
 Among the belles of Baltimore.

THE PALE CHEEK OF LOVE.

PALE cheek of love! thou'rt dear to me;
 Oh! I could gaze my life away,
 Drinking the tears which tremblingly
 Steal from that eye of placid ray.
 I cannot heed the rosy cheek
 That glows with maiden bashfulness;
 The hue of thine more sweetly speaks
 Of blighted hopes and love's excess.

Pale cheek of love' thou'rt dear to me,
 Wet with the fringed eye-lid's dew;
 There can I read sincerity,
 And truth and fruitless passion too.
 Once, maiden, once the red rose hung
 Upon those angel cheeks of thine;
 But Grief a lovelier lily flung—
 I kiss'd the flower and call'd it mine.

Pale cheek of love!—thou'rt dear to me,
 Tho' bleached by Grief's untimely kiss;
 Oh! I could press my lips to thee,
 And sigh my soul away in bliss,
 Turn not away then, maiden dear,
 Roses cannot thy charms improve,
 Give me the bright, soul speaking tear
 That damps the sickly cheek of Love.

ADDRESSED TO A PRETTY LITTLE THIEF.

You stole from off the azure skies
Two twinkling stars of placid ray,
And now I see them in your eyes,
Still in a field of blue they play.

You stole the rose's damask flush,
And placed it on your cheek of bliss;
And when you steal a deeper blush,
'Tis when that cheek is near to this.

From Arctic's ice-encircled plain,
You stole of snow the purest flake;
Its spotless fleece and white remain
More bleached and soft upon your neck.

You stole from India's richest mine,
Two rubies of the deepest dye,
And on your lips they're doomed to pine,
And pout—and smile—and beautify,

You stole from flowers of gaudiness
The softest down the touch could find;
It's woven threads now form your tress.
Which gently woos the wanton wind.

You heard the Seraphs sing above;
You stole their bliss-exciting lay;
You knew your charms were made for love—
And so—you stole my heart away!

TO M. E.

On her accusing the Author of being cold-hearted.

It is not for this that I have knelt
So long at woman's feet a slave!
Is it for this that I have felt
Pangs too acute for man to brave?
Is it for this that I, who've caught
Each flame that Beauty's bright eye darted,
Only to be by woman thought
Callous in soul and icy-hearted?

Oh no!—the breast once warm'd by love,
Never can let the glow depart;
Woman! the magic spring once move,
And thine for ever in the heart.
Like eyes that look through space afar,
Mingling their ray with heavenly light,
Enraptur'd turn from one bright star,
To seek another still more bright!

No, maiden, no!—had I a heart
As cold as that thou'st said was mine,
What eye could sooner warmth impart,
Or bliss bestow, than that of thine!
None!—yet I dare not dream of love,
'Tis past —the hour of folly's past;
Though storms have raged, the stricken dove
Hath found a home of peace at last.

THE THIN LADY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

I saw her walking in the street,
All skin and bone was she;
No shadow did she cast behind
Her scant anatomy.

A nor-west wind was blowing then,
The dust in clouds did fly,
And, though the vane did veer about,
The bleak wind pass'd her by.

She look'd just like a pencil mark,
That boys draw on a slate,
Or like a flash of lightning stretch'd
Straight thro' a wire-plate.

They called her *Bony-partie*; some said
That she was Edson's wife,
That Grief had made her pine away
As thin as a jack-knife.

The doctors eyed her as she pass'd,
Tho' phantom-like was she,
A "subject" fit, they said she was,
Prime for anatomy.

So sharp was she at every point,
That she could look you through;
And once, 'tis gravely told by some,
She split a straw in two!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

And yet this thing so shadowless,
 This walking skeleton,
 Did own a tender passion for
 A man with heart of stone.

She was his grim familiar, and
 With sighs and rending groans,
 She'd follow him from place to place
 And offer him her bones.

"All flesh is grass," she sadly said,
 "To you I dare *aspire*;"
 "Such *spires* as you," he quick replied,
 "Ought surely to look higher.

"By living thus, you're cheating death—
 The *Resurrection man*
 Is watching you with eager eyes,
 So, I forbid the ban!"

This cruel cut did cut her through,
 Her parchment skin grew yellow;
 And she did pine and melt away,
 Like heated grease or tallow.

Grief's canker-worm did gnaw and gnaw,
 'Till death with sable wing
 Cut short her days and then she lay
 Like a worn fiddle-string.

They made her shroud of spider-web,
 And in a pipe-stem laid her;
 The grave-yard worms did starve to death,
 For want of their *panado*!

TO * * * *

I **would** not crush a beautiful flower,
Or mar its blush with wanton hand;
I'd rather chide the noiseless wind
By which its trembling leaves are fann'd.
I would not shake the dew away
That hides its lustre in its cup:
I'd rather chide the golden sun
That drinks the liquid treasure up.

Then, could I harm thee—when I saw
The smile of heav'n upon thy brow!
Or wound the heart whose pulses then
As warmly, purely beat as now!
Or could I mock the holy tear
That eloquently spoke thy wo!
Or speak of woman's faithlessness,
Against so warm a pleader!—no.

But, oh! what bitterness to think
That every treasured hope is lost;
To mark the deep and dark abyss
Which never—never can be crossed.
To know—to feel that still we love,
Still cherish hopes which end in pain—
To feed the heart on tears and sighs,
Whose joy-pulse cannot beat again.

PEACE to the vale where the sycamore grows,
Where the violet dips in the lonely cascade;
Where the green willow nods to the zephyr that blows
And fans the clear stream as it glides thro' the shade.

And peace to the shed of the kind and warm-hearted,
Whose merry board groans with the sweets of the year;
Where, if ever a smile from the features departed,
Like sunshine, 'twas but to illumine a tear.

The vesper star beams in the soft blue of heaven,
Like a pearl in its azure-enamelled shell;
But there is an eye that looks richer at even,
Than a star in the Heavens or a pearl in its cell.

Oh! blest be that eye, whose eloquent glance
Diffused its mild warmth o'er the storm-beaten breast,
And blest be the smile that stole on the soul's trance,
And lull'd the wild sea of its sorrows to rest.

Thou shalt live in my thoughts like an amaranth flower,
That blooms 'mid the desolate ruins of time;
Still as fair as it was in its first natal hour,
And as balmy as 'twas in the days of its prime.

And when I am gone, (like a vision of sleep
That recoils at the blush of morning's first ray)
My heart o'er the page of remembrance shall weep,
'Till the pale lamp of life shall have faded away!

TO ELIZABETH.

On her asking why I found fault with her.

Ah! there was something in those pouting lips,
 (In anger sweet!) that said, "no dark eclipse
 Of sorrow shall o'ercloud the roseate smile
 That beams to gladden other hearts,—the while
 Mine own is sad, and like the midnight flow'r,
 Shrinks from the light and courts its own dark hour!"
 Could I behold that *smile of anger*, given
 To teach mankind how deities of Heaven
 Look on the trifling stars that roll beneath,
 And smile in spite of frowns, Elizabeth?
 I could not see the frown and smile together
 O'erspread thy cheeks, and still make choice of neither.
 Ah! no,—I caught the frown—cold—sullenly—
 And thought, and still do think, it fell on me.

If I had a fault—it is because that eye
 Owns too much splendor—beams too tenderly;
 Its eloquence is powerful—it seems
 A sun by day—the planet of my dreams.
 If I find fault—it is because those lips
 Are too much like the violet that sips
 The limpid dews of morn—because they tell
 More wizardly than Delphi's oracle!
 If I find fault—it is because I see
 Each coming day more lovely traits in thee;
 A heart unspotted—generous and true,
 Warm'd by affection—bathed in pity's dew.

And must I not find fault, and murmur on,
 To see so many beauties stored in *one*?
 Murmuring—admire—shunning,—seek the death
 That's hidden in thy glance, Elizabeth.

TO ———.

How lightly you dance, while the tamborine rolls,
 And the violin echoes in harmony sweet;
 'Tis certain that music gives motion to *souls*,
 For bless me! it charms e'en the *soles* of your feet!

Your poor little toes in durance held tightly,
 Complain to the soul that all feeling is gone,
 And beg it to slide o'er the floor rather lightly,
 For such a close pressure is no kind of fun.

Let lavender, bergamot, otto of roses,
 And all the sweet essences known since the fall,
 Be sent as an offering to delicate noses,
 The essence of *two-lips* is sweeter than all.

And give me the hair that will gracefully float
 On the trembling air, as if it had been
 Adored by the zephyrs,—for heads dressed *without*,
 Too often have more than a hollow *within*!

TO ELLEN.

Let us part good friends, my pretty Ellen
Pray pout your ruby lips no more;
You cannot help your bosoms swelling,
Or stop your eyes from flowing o'er.
We've walked o'er pleasure's garden blindly,
And from each flow'r sipp'd balmy dew;
Then do not treat the friend unkindly,
Who'd leave the world to dwell with you.

When ending fifteen, girls begin to
Make pretty idols out of clay;
They call them *Loves*, and place them into
Rich shrines to worship night and day.
Thus nursed, life warms the little minion,
He lives on smiles, and tears, and sighs;
But oft to try his new-fledged pinion,
He bids good bye—and off he flies!

Take my advice, my pretty Ellen,
Guard well your heart, for, if it were
To yield to love, there is no telling
How soon his sting may rankle there.
Now, fare you well—oh! 'twere delightful
To press those pouting lips again—
Let's part good friends; your looking spiteful
Will never loose the silken chain!

TO ELIZABETH.

Go, fairest, and kneel at the altar of Heaven,
 As meekly, devoutly as angel could be;
 Yet, still will you bless the dear sphere that you live in,
 And the joy that is dawning for you, love, and me.

And frown, if you will, on the suit of your lover,
 The storm of your anger will quickly be past,
 And, when the first flash of resentment is over,
 A zephyr like smile will be mine, love, at last.

You may talk of your prudence, your pride and your duty
 —That you never can love me, nay more, never will;
 Yet, oh! can you blame me, if slave to your beauty,
 That prudence in you makes me more loving still!

Though your tongue tells me one thing, your eyes tell another,
 (And eyes I will trust—they're the lights of the soul)
 And the sigh which you vainly endeavor to smother,
 Reveals the dear feeling too wild to control.

Then, oh! dearest Bessy, while yet you are preaching
 Your sermon on blessings eternal above;
 I cannot but think that those glances bewitching,
 Though warm with Religion, were kindled by Love.

And when the old preacher, grown frantic with learning,
 Exclaims 'gainst the world, and says "all's vanity,"
 I meet your twin-planets to me slyly turning,
 To say, "'tis a sweet world for you, love and me."

THE STAR THAT GLIMMERS SILENTLY.

I LOVE the lone retired spot,
Where Mirth and Folly wander not,
Where Sorrow almost is forgot;
But yet I love to see,
More than the lone retired spot,
The Star that glimmers silently.

I love the Sky of azure hue,
Shedding its pure and sparkling dew
Upon the Violet's petals blue;
But yet I love to see,
More than the Sky of azure hue;
The star that glimmers silently.

I love the glorious Sun of day,
Pouring upon the dashing spray
The golden current of his ray;
But yet I love to see,
More than the glorious sun of day,
The star that glimmers silently.

I love the soft and gentle calm,
That lulls to sleep the sable form
That guides the tempest and the storm;
But yet I love to see,
More than the soft and gentle calm,
The star that glimmers silently.

I love the gentle queen of night
That, drest in robes of spotless white,
Gives out her food of silver light;

And yet I love to see,
More than the gentle queen of night,
The Star that glimmers silently.

I love the deep in stillness drest,
When all its waves are sunk to rest,
And Heav'n is painted on its breast;
And yet I love to see,
More than the deep in stillness drest,
The Star that glimmers silently.

I love the gilded clouds that shed
Their pearly tears upon a bed
Of lilies white and roses red;
And yet I love to see,
More than the clouds whose tears are shed,
The Star that glimmers silently.

The quivering lip, the pleading tear,
That fills the eye when parting's near
The form beloved for many a year;
Yes, I had rather see
The quivering lip and pleading tear,
Than the Star that glimmers silently.

The eye that burns with soul, whose beam
Is like a quick and fiery stream,
To me a sun of love doth seem;
And I had rather see
The eye of soul-bespeaking beam,
Than the Star that glimmers silently.

I love a maid whose beauty grows
Just like the crimson-bosom'd rose
When morning's breeze around it blows;
Still more I love to see
The maid whose heart as purely glows
As the Star that glimmers silently.

TO BRENDA.

Why doth the harp of Brenda sleep?
Dead silence o'er it lingers;
A harp too dear,—too sweet, to keep
Untouch'd by her fair fingers.
Once more the soft enchanter touch,
And raise the strain of gladness;
For, ah! its notes are lov'd too much
To die away in sadness.

Why are the cheeks of Brenda wet
With silent Sorrows tear?—
Ah! can those cheeks so soon forget
That smiles should linger there?
An eye like her's, so purely bright,
Hath many a joyous ray;
For 'tis a Prophet star by night,
A sun of Love by day.

Why do young Brenda's locks forget
Upon her neck to flow?
Those locks once bright as India's jet,—
That neck like Zembia's snow.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Those fairy curls were never formed
 For *Fashion's* hand to braid them;
 For Nature's heart with love was warm'd,
 When her fair fingers made them!

Then let the harp of Brenda sound,
 Her cheeks with pleasure glow,
 Her eyes with rays of joy abound,
 Her locks profusely flow.
 For smiles were made for her to wear,
 (The richest boon of Venus)
 While we, poor souls, are doom'd to share
 The life they give, between us!

[TO * * * * *

Leave not the scenes of childhood,
 Without a farewell tear;
 The mountain and the wild wood
 Should still to thee be dear.
 Leave not the friends who love thee,
 Without a parting sigh;
 The wreath which Love has wove thee,
 Should still bloom verdantly.

Thy young heart hath beat gladly,
 The cup of Joy to sip;
 Take heed—when seized thus madly,
 'Tis poison to the lip.

Life's but a speck—a minute,
 Compar'd t' eternity,
 And all the pleasures in it,
 Will soon be vain to thee.

Thou leav'st behind a mother
 By nature dear to thee,
 Two sisters and a brother,
 Who love thee tenderly:
 Oh! think of them whenever
 Thy joy is turned to pain:
 Farewell!—perhaps for ever!
 —We may not meet again.

 GREECE.

Awake the bold lyre to Greece,
 The lips of her genius hath spoken;
 "Thou shalt slumber no longer in peace,
 Be thy shackles of ignomy broken:
 Live again the glory and pride of the age,
 Shine again a bright star on history's page!"

The trumpet of Liberty rung,
 The voices of thousands united;
 The pæan of freedom was sung,
 And the embers of glory relighted.
 Swift, swift from its sheath the sabre was drawn,
 And Liberty spread like the light of the Sun.

Lo! the cannon of Thessaly peal,
 The flag of Iona is streaming;
 Oh! how must the Patriot feel,
 When the first rays of glory are beaming!
 Ev'ry groan let him hear—ev'ry tear let him see,
 And he'll perish a martyr—or live and be free.

Greece wak'd from the sleep of the slave,
 To shine in the annals of story;
 And pluck'd from the brink of the grave
 A long living flower of glory.
 And since her cross-banner was nobly unfurl'd,
 Her fame shall be spread o'er the face of the world.

The youth grasps the rein of his steed,
 The mist of the battle rolls o'er him;
 He bleeds—but where myriads bleed,
 He dies—like his fathers before him:
 His pillow's the soil for whose freedom he bled,
 And Fame shall for e'er sound the deeds of the dead.

All nations shall feel for the cause,
 The Ottoman power shall be crush'd;
 And the groans on Albania's shores,
 On the bosom of peace shall be hush'd;
 While the Infidel's altar to dust shall be trod,
 To form a cement for the temple of God.

Then strike the bold lyre to Greece,
 America's genius hath spoken;
 "May thy struggles for liberty cease,
 And thy chains be eternally broken.
 Like ours, may thy banner in pride be unfurl'd,
 And flutter as free as the best in the world."

TO A PEN.

THOU matchless tube, at whose command the choirs
 Of high Olympus tune their golden lyres!
 From whose dark point the fiery liquids run
 Burning with passion—streams of Helicon,
 I pluck'd thee from a lofty—soaring wing,
 To breathe the Poet's wild imagining.
 Perchance, ere this, thy down has kiss'd the zone
 Where Fancy sits on her begemmed throne;
 And while ye fann'd the nine unsullied daughters,
 Sipp'd sweetness from Castalia's limpid waters:
 Pour out that lambent flame thou'st stolen away,
 And win for me but one immortal ray.

The poet loads thy magic lips with soul,
 He wields thee, and worlds bow to thy control;
 Nor depths of hell—nor earth—nor roaring seas,
 Not e'en the temples of the Deities,
 Hold one great wonder that can so like thee
 Dive into boundless immortality!
 When thou dost speak the brazen trumpet rings,
 And War and Death unfurl their sable wings;
 The cannon peals—the bonds of fear are burst,
 And temples, towers, cities fall to dust;
 Kingdoms arise at thy all-potent word,
 And vengeance flashes from the warrior's sword!
 Thy breath can soften Love's luxuriant lyre,
 Melt the hard heart in slow, celestial fire,
 Embalm the ashes of the silent dead,
 And twine new laurels round the hero's head.

Come, let me dip thee in the vital streams
 That flow around my heart, and as the dreams
 Of frantic love steal thro' my brain, do thou
 Trace each wild form upon this page of snow.
 Speak!—I would have thee breathe the words of love,
 Thy lips are tinged with hearts blood—canst thou rove
 Slow, nerveless o'er the virgin'sheet, while I
 To Ella bow in mad idolatry?
 O, that thy lips could tell but half I feel,
 Then might my soul in gentle current steal
 In every word thou speak'st—but, 'tis no use,
 I'll cast thee off, dull quill!—*thou'rt from a goose!*

THE PERUVIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O! thou that riseth now, round as the shield
 The mighty bear upon the battle field!
 Whence thy effulgency. O, glorious Sun!
 Whence that eternal light that gilds the lawn,
 And paints the roof of Heaven, as stars retire,
 And veil their lustre in thy mightier fire?
 Thou comest forth in all thy majesty,
 Gemming the billows of the noisy sea;
 And on the jagged cliff, behold! thy ray
 Chases the vapours of the night away.
 The vale of spirits still is dark, O Sun!
 Ill boding-whispers through its caverns run:

The song of blessed souls is hush'd, and now
 Wild, burning floods pour from the mountain brow!
 Shine out, O glorious light! and hear the howls
 Of restless spirits, from the vale of souls.

O! hearkener to the warrior's prayer, the tides
 Ebb and flow, the moon her paleness hides
 Beneath the curling wave; the gnarled oak
 Is riven by the sharp-edged lightning's stroke,
 The lakes dry up; the hoary cliff, where burst
 The angry clouds, in age sinks to the dust,
 Yet thou alone triumphant rollest on,
 Above the shatter'd world, O! deathless Sun!
 When tempests gather round the world, and loud
 Bellowing thunders roll from cloud to cloud;
 When lightnings pierce the purple air, and cast
 Their sudden gleamings through the raging blast,
 Thou look'st in beauty through the clouds, unfurl'd
 In awful splendour o'er the trembling world.
 O glorious light! amidst the war-storm, thus
 Bestow thy golden influence on us!

We go intripid to the battle field;
 Thine image glitters on the warrior's shield,
 His arrow splits thy ray.—Shine out, O Sun!
 With beams of victory from thy purple zone.
 The ghosts of chieftains rise before our sight
 And call us to the field, where valours might
 Is tested by the sinnewed arm. Beam on,
 Propitious radiance! we bend to none
 But thee, whose floods of heav'nly fire have shed
 Such glory on the spirits of the dead.

Smile on thy worshippers; and O! sink not
 With face of blood still beaming on the spot
 Where thousands welter in their gore, all low
 With face to thee, and feet toward the foe.
 O, glorious light!—upon the battle heath
 Raise the fall'n spirit from the couch of death.

ON THE FALL OF MISSOLONGHI.

[*To him who despairs of Greece.*]

DESPAIR of Greece!—No, never while
 There is a spark of Freedom left;
 Ionia yet hath many an isle
 Of hidden cave and narrow cleft.
 The warrior's corse, tho' cold it lays
 'Neath Missolonghi's smoking walls,
 Still bids the torch of battle blaze,
 Still on the fearless Grecian calls.

Despair of Greece!—The Christian's God
 Looks on his children; he is just,
 And, though his temples blush with blood,
 And holy altars fall to dust,
 Yet, he beholds; and soon his wrath
 Will flash upon the ruthless foe;
 Vengeance shall tread oppression's path,
 And strike the haughty crescent low.

Despair of Greece!—Oh! no, the flame
 Sleeps like the dead volcanic fire;
 Soon it will burst, and earth's whole frame
 Will tremble at its mighty ire.
 What though the warrior's helm is riven,
 And vultures on the valiant prey—
 The cross of Greece is blest by Heaven,
 And Freedom yet will gain the day.

Despair of Greece!—The fire of old
 Still burns within each soldier's breast;
 The tale of Marathon once told,
 Wakens the soul,—God does the rest!
 Faint hearted! go;—what did our sires?
 Did *they* despair and sue for peace?
 No, honor fann'd th' expiring fires;
 They won their cause, and so will Greece!

MARY.

If Mary's lip doth vend its kisses,
 Then I will give her twelve of mine
 For one of those dear little blisses,
 That on the pouting rubies shine.
 Then if she says the trade's unfair,
 I'll ease her scruples and her pain;
 For ev'ry kiss I took—I swear
 I'll give her twenty back again.

If Mary hath a smile to give me,
 Oh! let it light her features now,
 'Twere sunshine to my soul—believe me,
 If I can win it—tell me how?
 She turns to Heaven a watery eye,
 Is it to shame the “starry ray?”
 Or is it to bring some angel nigh,
 Whose form she sees far, far away?

Yes, Mary's eye keeps liquid fire in,
 Oh! how I love its melting ray!
 And Mary seems a cunning Syren,
 Whene'er she sings loves roundelay.
 And when her tender eyelids ope,
 Like orbs of fire the pupils shine,
 It is the dawn of Love and Hope,
 The shedding of a light divine!

TO — ON THE LOSS OF HER CURLS.

I saw your shiny tresses flow
 Gently about your neck of snow;
 And ev'ry Zephyr from the sky
 Kist them as it hurried by.
 I praised—admired each glossy tress,
 And call'd them types of loveliness;
 Nor dreamt that—(blush not, charming girl)
 Deception dwelt in ev'ry curl!

But man's a dupe to woman's wiles,
 There's falsehood in her very smiles—
 Her kisses cheat—her eyes are devils,
 —And *Fashion* causes all these evils!
 Those locks I praised and loved so much,
 Too hallowed for the rude too touch,
 Last night fell off,—O curst illusion!
 To my most deeply felt confusion.

I should not wonder if those eyes,
 Which *now* for stars of beauty pass,
 Should soon, to all but my surprise,
 Turn out to be—two globes of glass.
 Oh, Sylph!—tho' faith dwells in your heart,
 Tho' magic beams in every feature,
 Remember that the touch of *Art*,
 But gives deformity to *Nature*.
 The minstrel's wild imagining,
 When Fancy dives in sweet excess,
 Can scarce a prettier angel bring,
 Than woman robed in Nature's dress.

THE SYCAMORE TREE.

I remember in unclouded days of my childhood,
 When care and dejection were strangers to me,
 I oft used to speed to the dark foliaged wild wood,
 To sleep 'neath a favorite Sycamore tree

And there in its shade, while the sunbeams were searing
The flow'rs of the desert that grew silently,
I thought there was nothing so sweet and so cheering
As to slumber beneath the tall Sycamore tree.

And when I had clamber'd the crags of the mountain,
In search of the nectarous hoards of the bee;
No honey, I thought, like the cool bubbling fountain
That water'd the roots of the Sycamore tree.

Oft, oft as I sat in my paradise lonely,
I'd say "when I'm grown up, how happy I'll be!
For oh!—then my riches were great, could they only
Ensure me a cot, 'neath the Sycamore tree!"

Poor child!—how oft has your wild fancy cheated,
And allured you from pleasure to dark misery:
Your moments of sunshine and joy were completed
When you last bade farewell to the Sycamore tree.

And many a gall of despair have you tasted,
And oft have you bent to misfortune's decree;
—Yet,—tho' every hope,—every promise is blasted,
Soft memory smiles on the Sycamore tree.

Tho' the storms of affliction your heart-strings may sever,
And toss your lone barque upon life's fickle sea:
There's a root that will cling to your bosom for ever,
The much-loved, the wide spreading Sycamore tree.

THE LAST LAY.

(To the memory of Minna.)

The grave is but a calmer bed
Where wearied wretches sink to sleep;
Sorrow there lays its aching head,
No more to feel—no more to weep.
And oh! how sweet to sigh our last
Amidst a grateful shower of tears,
From eyes that smiled in moments past,
And warm'd our souls in happier years.

Daughter of Song! I knew thee when
The sun of joy illumed thy brow;
Love spread thy lips of coral then,
But Death's cold seal is on them now.
If grief his shadowy veil would fling
Over a brow so bright—so fair,
One touch upon my wild harp's string,
Again would spread joy's sunshine there.

But thou art gone! the silent earth
Now clasps thee to its chilly breast,
A gem more pure, more rich in worth,
Never was known in earth to rest.
Green be the grass above thy head;
The harp once so beloved by thee,
Can charm no more—its soul is dead,
Thou heedest not its minstrelsey.

LINES WRITTEN ON A VISIT TO THE TABLE ROCK, (S. C.

'Midst clouds we stood upon the mountain height,
Where Nature sat enthroned in all her might;
Around her form such awful grandeur hung
That man shrunk back, and o'er her features flung
A fearful glance, the while his humble soul
Paid homage to the Maker of the whole.
Glen sunk in glen, and rudely shattered rock
Hurl'd from its bed by some convulsive shock
In ancient days, when Ocean's frothy surf
Roar'd round each peak and bathed each flow'ry turf.
Perchance some dove in that forgotten age,
Sought refuge here from flood and tempest's rage;
And, while the battling billows roar'd around,
Upon thy peak a place of safety found.
So man, when by the storms of sorrow driv'n,
Should seek a refuge near the courts of Heaven,
And place his hopes in that eternal Sire,
Who lulls the winds and bids the waves retire.
Throne of the Eagle!—when Death's icy hand
Shall crush the last of mortals, thou shalt stand
The test of ages—type of works sublime,
The strong, unshaken monument of time!

TO A CHOSEN FEW.

I tune my 'wilder'd lyre to ye,
Chosen of Friendship—ye who love
The glow of sensibility;
To ye I raise my minstrelsy,
Ere from these woody vales I rove
To find, perchance, a colder smile
Than yours to greet me, as I toil
Through life's uncertain way. Before
The genial press of hands is o'er,
Receive, receive a long farewell
From him who oft will proudly say,
"Where hearts so finely moulded dwell,
There would I pass my life away!"
Misfortune's hand has press'd me down,
Yet will I smile above my fate;
Why shrink?—'tis but a passing frown,
The sun will shine again, and crown
The golden hours ere 'tis too late.
I once could look with boyish feeling
On the proud sun as bright he rose
On his majestic course—"Aye, on he goes,"
I would exclaim, "enrobed in light
Sublime and beautiful. Such is the flight
I would pursue—like yonder sun,
Thro' a wide sphere my course I'd run."
But never thought I then, how soon
Clouds would arise to dim my noon.

Friends of my soul! where'er I go,
Through burning sands or drifting snow,
In Fortune's halls or Misery's hut,
Be fame or ignomy my lot;
Still will my heart turn greedily
To feed on every thought of ye:
Nor shall the goblet kiss my lip,
Until to you the draught I sip
Is pledged: And when my ear
Catches a song of days gone past;
I'll hold each note to memory dear—
But now, farewell—the spell is past,
My heart beats fondly still for you;
Remember me, ye chosen few!

THE AMERICAN BOY.

“Father, look up, and see that flag,
How gracefully it flies;
Those pretty stripes—they seem to be
A rain-bow in the skies.”
It is your country's flag, my son,
And proudly drinks the light,
O'er ocean's waves—in foreign climes,
A symbol of our might.

“Father—what fearful noise is that,
Like thundering of the clouds?
Why do the people wave their hats,
And rush along in crowds?”
It is the voice of cannonry,
The glad shouts of the free;
This is a day to memory dear—
’Tis Freedom’s Jubilee.

“I wish that I was now a man,
I’d fire my cannon too,
And cheer as loudly as the rest—
But, father, why don’t you?”
I’m getting old and weak—but still
My heart is big with joy;
I’ve witness’d many a day like this,—
Shout ye aloud, my boy.

“Hurrah! for Freedom’s Jubilee!
God bless our native land;
And may I live to hold the sword
Of Freedom in my hand!”
Well done, my boy—grow up and love
The land that gave you birth;
A home where Freedom loves to dwell,
Is paradise on earth.

THE TEXEAN RALLY.

MEN of the South! look up,
There are omens in the sky;
The treacherous flag of Mexico
Reflects its crimson dye.
The clouds seem tapestry of blood,
But deep within their womb
The hidden thunder's muttering
The proud oppressor's doom.

Men of the South!—the groans
Of Baxar's murder'd band,
Are on the winged winds, and swell
Thy wrongs from land to land.
Respond with loud artillery!
Respond with vengeful shout!
Raise up thy star and rain-bow stripes,
And let thy war steeds out!

Men of the South!—behold!
The cohorts of the foe
Are thundering down upon thy front,
With bristling bayonets low.
Call old and young from hill and vale,
The rifle's fiery breath
hall blast Santa Anna's dearest hopes,
—To victory or to death!

SONG OF THE ICE SPIRIT.

I come on wings of fleecy white,
Bright drops are scatter'd from their tips;
The sunbeams woo my form of light,
And diamonds hang upon my lips.
I place my signet on the brook,
Its mystic melodies are hush'd;
Upon the lingering flower I look,
And leaves turn pale that would have blush'd.

I come, and lo! the mighty oak
Sheds its crimplt leaves and bares its arms;
The waves sleep silent in my yoke,
Nor heed the howl of winds and storms.
The songsters of the wood are still,
Gray age hangs on the mountain's brow;
My crystal sheen is on the rill,
And Summer winds are silent now.

I come—then gather round your hearth,
And smile before its cheerful light;
Tell stories of my flight o'er earth.
Of howling storm and dreary night;
Breathe in the little trembler's ear
Tales of what mariners endure;
I cannot touch ye, though I'm near,
But when ye laugh—think of the poor.

TO ISABEL.

I love to count the stars with thee,
Thou budding flow'r of Beauty's pride,
To scan their silent mystery,
And see them wander side by side.
The amorous waves that kiss the shore,
To us seem skill'd in music's spell,
And as they ripple o'er and o'er,
They seem to murmur—"Isabel!"

And then, when up the vaulted sky,
The silent moon would wend her way;
I'd turn from her to read thine eye,
Whose eloquence made night my day.
Nor moon—nor star were aught to me,
That eye spoke all that tongue could tell,
And mine, I thought, said much to thee
About my passion, Isabel.

And oft we've sought the mountain height,
And heard the cascade murmuring;
Or mark'd the eagles sun-ward flight,
The storm cloud battling with his wing.
From rock to rock we'd lightly bound,
Thy step was like the young gazelle;
The hollow woods sent back the sound,
Each time I call'd on—Isabel.

One hour with thee is worth an age
Pass'd with the heartless and the free;
From Memory's book I'd tear the page
That did not speak of love and thee.

Go where I will, o'er sand or snow,
 Still shall I own thy fairy spell;
 Still teach my yearning heart to glow
 For thee, my dark eyed Isabel.

DEDICATION OF AN ALBUM.

Fair page!—my pen has soil'd thy snowy white,
 Thou't chaste no more, but Friendship's glowing light
 Shall make each word a record of the soul,
 A chart of memory—a burning scroll
 Where tearful eyes may read in years to come,
 The thoughts of those who slumber in the tomb.
 Come hither then, ye chosen few, and write
 The hallow'd word by Friendship's vestal light;
 Strew flowers of Fancy o'er each spotless leaf,
 Speak to the soul thy pleasure or thy grief.
 Pale child of wo! here rest awhile and sing,
 Tune thy soft lyre and touch its muffled string;
 Pour out thy spirit on the silent air,
 And tell the listening stars of joy that were;
 Speak to the dead—the lov'd, the hallow'd dead,
 And wet with tears their dark and silent bed—
 Commune with phantoms of the midnight gloom,
 And raise the death-pall from the voiceless tomb.
 And ye who love—breathe here your melting song,
 Impassien'd sweep the golden strings along;

Tell of thy soul-fetch'd sighs, thy burning tears,
Of eyes whose beam and lips whose kiss endears—
Tell of thy sleepless nights—if lorn ye be—
Of dreamy sleep, if Love smile joyously;
Tell of the mingled throes of pangs and blisses,
The spell of eyes, the luxury of kisses.
And, ye who cherish Friendship's holy flame,
In letters bright here write its sacred name;
Days, months and years will slowly pass away,
And locks *now* bright will change to hoary grey;
But, still a tear will on the record fall,
And memory sigh "that name alone is all!"
Maiden! be thou the Vestal of this shrine,
The task to guard its hallow'd flame be thine:
And when unerring death shall call thee hence,
Be this thy gift, and heaven thy recompence.

MELODIES.

*** * The following collection of ballads, &c., has been made with the sanction of the publishers of the Authors various musical compositions; all of which have been set to music by the Author or some native Composer.**

M E L O D I E S .

SLEIGHING SONG.

Jingle, jingle, jingle,
Noses glow and fingers tingle;
Snowy flakes are falling fast,
Or veering in the hollow blast;
Nature wears a robe of white,
Spangled o'er with diamonds bright;
The murmur of the brook is hush'd,
The crystal shines where waters gush'd;
Then touch the leaders up again,
And keep our bells in merry strain.

Jingle, jingle, jingle!
Now we reach the narrow dingle;
Jehu! draw your ribbons tight,
Plunge into the cloud of white;
Like spray on either side, behold!
The flakes fly up—the sun with gold
Tinges the frosty stars that wreath
Our car above, around, beneath;
Again the magic whip apply,
Hip! how our foaming chargers fly!

THE KNIGHT OF THE RAVEN-BLACK PLUME.

A lady sat mute in her bower,
 While her page from the turret on high,
 Look'd out on that lone midnight hour,
 To see if her lover was nigh.
 "Ho, ho," said the page, as he toss'd
 His scarf in the moon's mellow light,
 "A horseman the meadow has cross'd,
 And his helmet and banner are bright!
 Lady fair! lady fair! banish thy gloom,
 For lo! here's the Knight of the raven-black plume."

The lady arose from her seat,
 And through the light lattico she spied
 A horseman careering full fleet
 Along the dark rivulet's side.
 And soon from the battlements high,
 The notes of a shrill bugle rang;
 And she wept,—but she could not tell why,
 While thus her young Troubadour sang:
 "Lady fair, lady fair, banish thy gloom,
 For lo! I'm the Knight of the raven-black plume!"

"I come from the field of the slain,
 And the meed of the tournament's mine,
 But never a smile could I gain
 So dear to my bosom as thine."
 The warder then opened the gate,
 And the halls with high revelry rang;
 And long did the fond lover prate,
 While the minstrels in joyous notes sang—
 "Lady bright!—lady bright! banish thy gloom,
 And wed the brave night of the raven-black plume!"

WILT thou think of me, love,
When thou'rt on the deep?
Thought shall turn to thee, love,
When alone I weep.
Trembling for thy fate, my dearest,
On the wild and stormy sea;
Smiling only when thou'rt nearest—
Think of me—Oh! think of me.

Wilt thou think of me, love,
When the dark-eyed maid
That used to sing to thee, love,
Breathes her serenade?
She can lure with syren-numbers,
She has winning smiles for thee,
When her music charms thy slumbers,
Think of me—Oh! think of me.

Wilt thou think of me, love,
When the dazzling hall
Shakes with melody, love,
And the giddy ball?
Name the one left lone and weeping,
Far away across the sea;
Keep her image, waking—sleeping—
Think of me—Oh! think of me.

GONDOLIER'S SONG.

Lightly and smoothly
Our gondolas move,
While sweetly we sing thee
The soft notes of love;
Then look from thy lattice,
Fair lady! on me;
The voice of thy lover
Is calling to thee.

Where music is wreathing
Its soul-soothing spell,
And touching the [heart-strings,
There love seems to dwell.
And oh! could he utter
But half that he felt,
His spirit and thine, love,
Together would melt.

And Love seeks the moonlight,
The planets are his;
He reigns in a moment,
Like this, dear, like this.
Then look from the lattice,
Fair lady!—on me;
The voice of thy lover
calling to thee.

A HEALTH.

A HEALTH to thee, thou lovely one!
 My lip is on the goblet's edge;
 But ere the sparkling draught is won,
 With melting eyes return the pledge.
 A ruby gem each drop doth seem,
 Bright glittering in the crystal well,
 Our eyes will drink the smiling beam,
 The while I pledge to Rosabel.

The last drop now is on my lips,
 It hangs there trembling with delay;
 Each truant sigh the lingerer sips,—
 Ah! kiss the lonely gem away;
 Or blend it with the diamond tear
 That glistens while I breathe farewell;
 I'll drink the two to memory dear,
 In heart-felt pledge to Rosabel.

A health to thee—it is the last,
 I've dash'd the empty glass away!
 See round the rock—'gainst which 'twas cast,
 The small but shining fragments lay.
 So with the minstrel's heart—tho' reft,
 Each broken part still owns *one* swell—
 One silent memory is all that's left
 For thou and him, fair Rosabel!

AH! FONDLY I REMEMBER.

Ah! fondly I remember
 Days past, and pleasures gone,
 When longing for life's summer,
 I let its joyous spring pass on.
 Hope beam'd with smiles before me,
 Joy shed its brightest ray;
 Heav'n's calmest smile was o'er me,—
 'Twas childhood's merry day.

Ah! fondly I remember
 How proud my bosom swell'd,
 When, dress'd in bloom of beauty,
 My only lov'd I first beheld.
 Truth from her dark eye beaming—
 Love on each accent hung;
 I seem'd of heaven dreaming,
 Whene'er she sweetly sung.

Ah! fondly I remember
 Where our white cottage stood,
 All dress'd in vines and roses,
 Close by the stream and shady wood.
 Farewell to vale and mountain,
 Far from their joys I roam;
 No more I'll see the fountain
 That bathes my childhood's home.

THE BRIDESMAID.

THE last—the last sound I hear,
 Of groom and bride departing;
 With lady bright and cavalier,
 And helms in sunlight darting.
 Alone I sit and think of one,
 The noblest knight of all,
 Who left his faithful love alone
 To bow to honor's call.

He said he'd come at eventide
 And claim his lady for his bride.

They're gone—they're gone—now down the vale
 Their plumes are faintly streaming,
 Their banners flap the evening gale,
 No sunlight on them gleaming.
 The night bird now begins to sing,
 And star by star appears—
 Each silent planet wondering
 Why I should be in tears!

Why comes he not at eventide,
 To claim his lady for his bride?

Be still—be still, my throbbing breast,
 I hear a bugle sounding;
 I see a warrior's snowy crest—
 A war-steed proudly bounding.
 He comes—I know his gallant mien,
 His helmet, sword and spear;
 I know him by his doublet green,
 My own brave cavalier!

True to his word—at eventide,
 He's come to claim me as his bride.

SONG OF THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her glory;
Her warrior's wreath is in our hand,
Our lips breathe out her story.
Her lofty hills and valleys green
Are smiling bright before us,
And like a rainbow sign is seen,
Her proud flag waving o'er us.

And there are smiles upon our lips
For those who meet her foemen,
For Glory's star knows no eclipse
When smiled upon by woman.
For those who brave the mighty deep,
And scorn the threat of danger,
We've smiles to cheer—and tears to weep
For every ocean ranger.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her freedom:
Our prayers are for the gallant band
Who strike where honor 'll lead 'em.
We love the taintless air we breath,
'Tis Freedom's endless dower:
We'll twine for him a fadeless wreath
Who scorns a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's beauties rare,
Of Italy's proud daughters;
Of Scotland's lassies—England's fair,
And nymphs of Shannon's waters:

We heed not all their boasted charms,
Though lords around them hover—
Our glory lies in Freedom's arms—
A Freeman for a lover!

THE SEA-BIRD.

THERE'S a storm on the blast and the billows run high,
While the hissing spray mocks the sea-bird's cry;
There's a storm on the blast—and the lightnings they leap
Like fiery shafts from the clouds to the deep.

The sea-bird's aloft in the thunder-charged cloud,
Shrieking the dirge of the mariner loud;
And now he is shooting the dark ether through,
T'o answer the helmsman's hoarse halloo!

Ah! many a form shall that wild bird mark,
With a death-grasp clinging to yonder bark,
And many a prayer shall he linger to catch,
As it breathes from the lips of the sinking wretch.

The proud ship has struck!—and a wild cry now
Comes sad on the gale from her shatter'd prow!
They are gone!—they are gone!—yet aloft o'er the deep
The sea-bird is singing the sailor to sleep.

ANACREONTIC.

THIS beaded goblet which I press
 With frantic gladness to my lips,
IS pledged to one, whose loveliness
 Is lonely as the flow'r that dips
 Into the crystal tide, and looks
 For dimpling smiles in gushing brooks.

This goblet, pouting to the edge,
 With sparkling wine of rosy hue,
 Clings to my lips, the while I pledge
 To her, who, like a drop of dew,
 Hid in the modest violet's bell,
 Shines not beyond her lowly cell.

Pluck ye the purple grape, and squeeze
 Its liquid fire within my cup,
 And I again the draught will seize,
 And to the lov'd one drink it up!
 To her—to her, whom *art* ne'er won,
 Whom *nature claims* as her's alone.

Her lips are fill'd with smiles—her eyes
 Are like twin-stars that always glisten;
 Her voice is stored with melodies,
 To which the wind-gods love to listen;
 And with her harp, that voice can stir
 The soul to love —— so, here's to her.

SERENADE.

THE moonbeams are kissing the waves of the sea,
And the morning light trembles afar;
Then, look from thy lattice, fair lady, on me,
And list to my gentle guitar.
I'll tell thee how fondly I love the mild ray,
Of thy blue eye when turn'd upon me;
I'll tell thee of charms that I worship by day,
Of nights that I dream, love, of thee.

They sneer at romance—but a moonlight like this,
Attunes the young bosom to love,
The heart that is warm is as eager for bliss
As the planets to wander above.
Then shame the bright stars with the light of thine eye,
And smile the glad wavelets to sleep,
The still breeze will pause as it catches thy sigh,
Then bear its rich store o'er the deep.

THE SWISS GIRL'S SONG.

I love thee for thyself alone;
I love thee for the pride
That flashes from thy falcon-eye,
When thou art by my side.
I love thee for our Switzerland,
Her mountains and her dells;
I love thee for the noble heart
That in thy bosom swells.

MELODIES.

And lov'st thou me, my hunter brave?
 When climbing fearlessly,
 With eye upon the fleet chamois,
 Then dost thou think of me?
 Dost think, that in the vale beneath,
 There's one who weeps thee gone;
 Who marks her hunter's dauntlessness,
 And trembling hears his horn?

Go to the mountain height, my love!
 It prides my heart, to see
 Thy form upon the icy brink,
 Though fearful it may be;
 Yet, yet it proves thee brave, and when
 Thou'rt on the battle field,
 I'd rather kiss thy cold, cold lips,
 Than see thy spirit yield.

Oh! sing this song—when round thee gather
 A faithful, chosen few;
 When thoughts are mingling with each other,
 And hearts are warm and true.
 Oh! sing it when the pale stars glisten
 Bright o'er the waveless sea;
 When zephyrs seem to stop and listen—
 Sing—and remember me.

When sorrow o'er thy heart is stealing,
 And tears bedew thine eyes;
 When twilight brings the hour of feeling,
 And stars tell destinies.
 Then, with thy soft and fairy finger
 Wake the string's melody;—
 Bid thoughts of other moments linger,
 Sing—and remember me.

Oh, where is the hunter's home?
 Where the mountains pierce the sky,
 Where the wild deer loves to roam,
 And the monach bird to fly.
 He loves to ride,
 Through the foaming tide,
 Or to speed o'er the grassy lawn;
 While the woods reply
 To his cheerful cry,
 And the sound of the bugle horn.

Oh, who does the hunter love?
 The maid with the flaxen hair,
 And an eye like the gentle dove,
 And a spirit free as air.
 Her merry song
 The vales prolong,
 At eve and at rosy morn;
 And she laughs with joy,
 When her hunter boy
 Sounds the notes of the bugle horn.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

“E PLURIBUS UNUM.”

OUR native land!—our native land!
 For thee, thou lustre of the world!
 Still firm united shall we stand,
 With sabre drawn and flag unfurled.
 The legacy our fathers left,
 By *Freedom* sanction'd, still is ours,
 Nor shall our noble trees be reft
 While every branch is dress'd in flowers.
 Huzza!—Huzza!—sons of the free,
 Strike, strike the bolt from *Treason's* hand;
 For God—for Fame—and Liberty,
 For “Union and our native land.”

Our country dear!—our country dear!
 Shall *Faction* spurn thy holy laws?
 Shall *Freedom's* sword and *Freedom's* spear
 Be wielded in *Disunion's* cause?
 Thy fairy fields—shall they be strew'd
 With brothers slain by brothers' hand?
 Shall fathers raise their arms of blood
 Against the ensign of our land?

Our starry flag!—our starry flag!
 Whose eagle sits enthroned in light;
 Shalt thou not wave o'er hill and crag
 Triumphant in the hour of fight?
 Let him who swells *Rebellion's* cry,
 In civil strife once turn to thee;
 A patriot's tear will fill his eye,
 His bright sword strike for Liberty!

THE CAVALIER.

THE Cavalier rode on his coal black steed,
 Nor forests, nor streams could his course impede;
 Three long years had pass'd since the blissful hour
 He kiss'd a fair hand in yon lordly bower.
 The war-din was o'er—the trumpet was mute,
 And no sound could he hear but the notes of a lute—
 He reined up his steed, and soon was the fall
 Of his heavy foot heard in the castle hall.

“Fairest and fondest! thy soft voice I hear,
 ’Tis bliss to the heart of the young Cavalier.”

“Oh haste ye away!” cried the lady in fear,
 “My bridal feast’s o’er and my lord is near;
 They said that you fell on the field of the slain,
 That I never, oh never should see you again.”
 “Thou false one! ’tis done,” the Cavalier cried,
 And he scornfully look’d one face of the bride,
 “Fame’s laurels I’ve won—there’s honor for me,
 But my harvest of glory is never for thee!

Fairest and falsest! the moment is near
 When vengeance shall come from the true Cavalier!”

He sought the proud lord where revelry rung,
 Where nobles pledged high and gay minstrels sung;
 And straight on the floor his gauntlet he threw,
 ’Mid the scornful laugh and the loud hallo.
 The gauntlet was seized, and the bridegroom proud
 Found his nuptial garments his funereal shroud.
 The bright morning dawned—the Knight was away,
 And his steed prick’d his ears as he chaunted his lay—
 “Fairest and falsest!—thou’st nothing to fear,
 The camp is the home of the true Cavalier!”

PRINTER'S SONG.

THE world is a *sheet* on which nature has writ
 In characters glowing a limitless dower;
 And it needs but a sprinkling of humor and wit,
 To liken mankind to the job of an hour.
 So, while the wine's flowing,
 Keep the press going,
 Man is but like to the job of an hour.

The lawyer, what is he without a good *case*—
 In his plea an *impression* to make he will try,
 And the sportsman looks out for the *horse* and the *chase*.
 The pastry-cook's hobby, you know is a—*pi!*

The churchman looks out for the *monks* and the *friars*,
 The broker *imposes*—by *quoins* and by cash;
 The schoolmaster's *stick* trims the jacket of liars,
 And the beau cannot live without making a *dash*.

The doctor too often a *finis* will put
 To the life of his patient,—no *matter* for that;
 The dancer must carry the tact in his *foot*,
 Which college-bred people bear under their hat.

And what were the actor without *daggers* and *stars*?
 The fiddler when wanting his *spaces* and *lines*?
 A *wet-sheet* belongs to our storm-beaten tars,
 And the printer, alas!—has but wood for his *quoins*.

The ladies, dear creatures!—a *token* will need,
 Their *cheeks* should be *hot press'd* to make them well *red*.
 They only want *binding*, to make them indeed,
 A work without *errors*—with "love" for a head.

The statesman deals largely in *cuts* at the *bank*,
 Nor fails to *distribute* opinions abroad;
 The devil's at hand, and is turning the *crank*,
 While the "nullies" stand waiting to *pull* at the word.

Then, success to the press—be it ever our pride,
 May it *figure* for ages the fulcrum of might;
 While its lustre illumines the realms far and wide,
 May its voice be the people's—its labor *their right!*

WHY COMES HE NOT?

WHY comes he not!
 Mildly o'er the waveless sea,
 The pale moon sheds her gentle light,
 O why comes he not to me!
 I told him to meet me here alone,
 Under the willow tree;
 Here he could breathe love's vow again!
 Oh! why comes he not to me!

Sad is my heart,
 Should he leave me and faithless be;
 I'll sit alone and sigh for him—
 Oh! why comes he not to me!
 The night winds are sighing, he's not here!
 Sad moans the swelling sea;
 Has he forgot his vow last night?
 Oh! why comes he not to me!

Yes, he will come,
 Smiling fondly and cheerfully;
 The stars seems whispering—he will come,
 Oh! yes he will come to me!
 Still not a sound disturbs the night,
 Silence reigns o'er the sea;
 Ah! could he count the tears I shed!
 Oh! why comes he not to me!

THE BUGLE HORN.

WHAT wild sound is filling the narrow glen,
 And stealing o'er the lawn!
 'Tis the shout of Saluda's merry men,
 With their cheering bugle horn.
 The anxious and keen-scented hound,
 Now wildly responds to the sound;
 The moss cover'd rocks in reply
 Send back the elfin melody.

Now swift through the woodland the proud stag bounds,
 And greets the dawning morn;
 But as swift are the tracks of the eager hounds,
 While shrill sounds the bugle horn.
 The glen with wild melody rings,
 Each man to his proud charger clings;
 And ere the bright sun blazes high,
 The panting stag must surely die.

DAYS OF CHILDHOOD!

DAYS of childhood! Days of childhood!
Where are your pleasures gone?
Yon babbling echo answers where?
And I am left alone.
My young companions, where are they?
They sleep among the dead,
Or else are scattered o'er the world,
To mourn the joys that's fled.

Days of childhood! Days of childhood!
I can but think of ye;
The many pranks I used to play
In youthful buoyancy.
The cottage where my parents dwelt,
The valleys which I ranged;
The budding lips I used to kiss,
Ah! now how sear'd and chang'd.

Days of childhood! Days of childhood!
Old age has little joy;
I've now a care for every bliss
I had when but a boy.
The world looks cold and drear to me,
I used to think it bright;
I must regret the morn, until
I bid the world good night.

THE SUN-BRIGHT ISLE.

I LEAVE your sun-bright isle,
To bound across the sea,
And dream of every smile
That fondly beam'd on me.
I care not where I go,
O'er snow or burning soil;
Still, still my heart shall glow,
For yonder sun-bright isle.

Your quiet vales and hills,
Ah! can they be forgot?
The woods and gushing rills,
The pilgrims resting spot.
Bright eyes may greet me home,
And many a magic smile;
Yet, yet, where'er I roam,
I'll bless your sun-bright isle.

My course is o'er the sea,
Our sails are spread anew;
The winds soft melody,
Is still your sad "adieu."
Adieu! my lips reply,
My heart beats sad the while:
Hush'd be your every sigh,
Peace to your sun-bright isle.

THE LAKE SPIRIT'S SONG.

COME to the lake of the Dismal Swamp,
I wait in my light canoe,
The pale moon dims my fire-fly lamp,
And my drink is the midnight dew.
The ghost of the warrior chief I see,
And he calls me his maiden bride;
And I hear the moan of the cypress tree,
Where the maid by his arrow died!

Come let us sail in my phantom bark,
And sport in its fire-fly light;
Chase the swift-bat with our meteor-spark
'Till the sun drink the dews of night.
We'll skim o'er the waters blythe and gay,
Tho' the murderer's howl we hear;
And we'll seek a cave for the sunbright day,
Where we'll sleep till the stars appear.

Come to my bark, it is moor'd for thee,
The whippoorwill warbles "come;"
You'll love, I'm sure, its sad melody,
For it sings o'er your lov'd ones tomb.
My fire-fly lamp begins to burn dim,
The morn-star is shining bright;
Now, away—away o'er the lake I skim,
And I bid thee, dearest, good night.

SHE KNEW HIM NOT.

She knew him not—or seem'd to shun
His fix'd and ardent gaze;
Her heart and soul seem'd bent upon
The dance's giddy maze.
Her soul was melting in her eye,
While music fill'd the air;
She seem'd to have no memory,
Of blissful days that were.

She knew him not—long years of grief,
Had circled round his brow;
Their hour of love was sweet as brief,
But dear to memory now.
'Twas but a transient taste of bliss,
A dream on beds of flowers;
A short farewell—a hurried kiss,
One gleam of sunny hours.

She knew him not—her lips wore smiles,
That seem'd a burning wreath;
Yet, like the ice-drop in the sun,
They glow'd, tho' cold beneath.
I thought I saw in every glance,
The liquid sorrow start;
And, though she sought the brilliant dance,
'Twas with a broken heart.

IN SMILES WE MET.

In smiles we met, in tears we parted,
Joy's sunshine linger'd but a while,
Its cheering ray a moment darted,
Then came a tear for ev'ry smile.
But we will drink of grief together,
The cup hath lost its bitterness;
For tho' the rose in tears may wither,
Its perfum'd offering is not less.

The wings of time are onward sweeping,
They scatter snow-drops as they go;
Why, why should we seek chill age weeping,
While yet our hearts can feel a glow.
Oh! let us love, tho' parted ever,
Warm hearts like ours should beat as one;
Rude hands the wind-harp's strings may sever,
Yet, who can steal the sad harp's tone?

THE MINSTREL'S RETURN FROM THE WAR.

THE minstrel's return'd from the war,
With spirits as bouyant as air;
And thus on his tuneful guitar,
He sings in the bow'r of his fair;
The noise of the battle is o'er,
The bugle no more calls to arms;
A soldier no more but a lover,
I kneel to the pow'r of thy charms!

Sweet Lady, dear Lady! I'm thine,
 I bend to the magic of beauty;
 Tho' the helmet and banner are mine,
 Yet love calls the soldier to duty.

The minstrel his suit warmly prest,
 She blush'd, sigh'd, and hung down her head;
 Till conquer'd she fell on his breast,
 And thus to the happy youth said:
 "The bugle shall part us, love, never,
 My bosom thy pillow shall be;
 'Till death tears thee from me for ever
 Still faithful I'll perish with thee!"

Sweet Lady, dear Lady! I'm thine,
 I bend to the magic of beauty;
 Tho' the helmet and banner are mine,
 Yet love calls the soldier to duty.

But fame called the youth to the field,
 His banner wav'd over his head;
 He gave his guitar for a shield,
 But soon he laid low with the dead:
 While she o'er her young hero bending,
 Received his expiring adieu;
 "I die while my country defending,
 With heart to my lady love true."
 "Oh, death!" then she sigh'd, "I am thine,
 I tear off the roses of beauty,
 For the grave of my hero is mine,
 He died true to love and to duty."

VILLAGE BELLE.

HAVE you seen the pretty Ellen?
She was call'd the village belle;
Eyes a thousand secrets telling,
Though her lips had none to tell.
Zephyr's woo'd her silken tresses,
Stole the honey from her lips
As the bee each flow'r caresses,
While the sparkling dew it sips.

When she spoke, 'twas music trembling
On the wind-harps mystic string;
Every word a note resembling,
Borne upon a cherub's wing.
In the dance's airy measure,
Who so light—so proud as she?
Eyes that beam with youthful pleasure,
Swimming with the melody.

Many lov'd the pretty Ellen,
Smiles she had for every one;
But her heart still freely swelling,
Own'd an ardent pulse for none.
All was life and sunshine round her,
Like a thing of joy she mov'd;
Every coming morning found her,
Still unloving, though belov'd.

FATHERLAND! DEAR FATHER LAND!

FATHERLAND! dear Fatherland!
Home of ev'ry pleasure;
Can I cease to cherish thee,
Mem'ry's dearest treasure!
Far away from all I love,
Wand'ring like the restless dove,
Stranger smiles are all I see,
Coldly beam such smiles on me.
Our native songs to mem'ry dear,
No more the cheering strains I hear,

Fatherland! dear Fatherland!
Vales and craggy mountains,
Where the gallant hunter boy,
Greets the chrystal fountains.
Here are vales and mountains too,
Flow'rs that drink the morning dew;
Hearts that swell for liberty,—
Still, they have no charms for me.
Our native songs, to mem'ry dear,
I cannot sing them freely hear,

DO YOU LOVE ME?

Do you love me, do you love me,
Why should I ask you now?
You've sworn it by the gentle moon,
The night winds heard the vow.
Say it again, my only love,
Now by the moonlit sea;
Tell ev'ry star that winks and smiles,
That you love me, that you love me!
Do you love me, do you love me?
Oh! swear it by the moonlit sea.

Do you love me, do you love me?
I know you'll say you do;
But, then each time you whisper it,
I long to hear anew.
Breathe it again, my dearest love,
Beneath the greenwood tree;
Tell ev'ry breeze that passes by,
That you love me, that you love me!
Do you love me, do you love me?
Oh! swear it by the greenwood tree!

FAREWELL, SINCE WE MUST PART.

FAREWELL, farewell since we must part,
But oft a tear I'll shed for thee;
Thy name shall cling around my heart,
To light the waste of memory.

Oh! when amidst the gay you rove,
 When pleading eyes around you shine;
 Think of the one who dared to love,
 Whose every pulse—was thine, was thine.

Adieu! Adieu! perhaps the tear,
 Which, trembling, plays upon thy cheek,
 Proclaims my name to thee still dear,
 And speaks more truth than tongue could speak.

Oh! then if I am still thine own,
 Why should my heart with anguish swell?
 Alas! from thee for e'er I turn,
 We meet no more—farewell—farewell!

OH! SOON RETURN.

Oh! soon return, my hours are lonely,
 When thou'rt gone from me,
 My bosom beats for thee, thee only,
 Fond and fervently.
 Can I e'er forget, love,
 How in joy we met, love;
 When moonbeams bright illumined the night,
 And sparkled on the sea.

Oh! soon return, no star can glisten
 Half so purely bright,
 As when I fondly turn to listen
 To thy voice at night.

When the moonbeams shine, love,
 Hearts like thine and mine, love,
 Should fly to meet in bondage sweet,
 And mingle in delight.

NAY, LOVE ME NOT.

The moonlight steals upon the waveless ocean,
 The stars are fading in her virgin light;
 Here, maiden fair, I'll tell my heart's devotion,
 And wing my song upon the stilly night.
 Nay, don't refuse to listen to thy lover,
 For with the dawn his bark will plough the sea;
 But one farewell and then the pang is over,
 Nay, love me not, but let me worship thee.

Bright eyes may cast their magic spell around me,
 And lips may breathe love's music in my ear;
 But true to her whose angel charms first bound me,
 I'll love her form as if it still were near.
 The moon may change—the stars in day may perish,
 And storms may break the slumbers of the sea;
 But in my heart thine image still I'll cherish,
 Nay, love me not—but let me worship thee.

GIRLS BEWARE.

Girls, beware—shun sly Cupid
 In his smiles his arrows lie;
 Can you be so dull and stupid,
 As to listen to his sigh?
 Should you press him to your bosom,
 He will sting you for your pains;
 So beware—Hope's young blossom,
 Oft the thorn of Love retains.

Men are false, fickle, roving,
 Sighs they have for every one;
 Always pleading—never loving,
 Tho' they swear their hearts are gone.
 Sooner would I trust the billow,
 Wand'ring o'er the sunlit sea;
 So beware—wreath no willow
 O'er thy brow's serenity.

 THAT MELTING EYE!

THAT melting eye! That melting eye!
 I pri'thee turn its ray from me;
 'Twere best to pass him idly by,
 Whose heart still fondly beats for thee.
 Once he could drink its liquid fire,
 And scorn the frowns of destiny;
 But now the minstrel's first desire,
 Is but to shun that melting eye.

That melting eye! That melting eye!
 To me 'tis like a prophet star,
 Foreboding grief and misery,
 And coming storms o'er calms that are.
 To thee, for ever, still to thee,
 My pilgrim spirit seem to fly;
 Oh! turn away—I must not be
 Again won by that melting eye.

OH! MOUNT THY BRIGHT AND GALLANT STEED.

Oh! mount thy bright and gallant steed,
 My warrior boy, the foe is near;
 Greece calls thee in the time of need,
 Then why inglorious tarry here?
 Say, can I love thee half so well,
 As when oft to the battle cry,
 How proud I saw thy bosom swell,
 Or mark'd the flashing of thine eye?

Oh! raise on high thy banner bright,
 The crescent waves upon the air;
 Up rise thy brothers in their might,
 Oh! warrior boy, why tarry here?
 Fame bids thee fix thy snowy plume,
 And mount thy charger for the fray;
 Love twines thee flow'rs of fairy bloom,
 But none like those in glory's bay.

THE KNIGHT FROM PALESTINE.

BLOW, warder blow, thy brazen horn,
 The champion of the cross is near;
 His gallant charger tramps the lawn,
 And brightly shines his massy spear.
 He safe returns from Palestine;
 His sword is red, bruise'd is his shield;
 No more shall he in shackles pine,
 No more traverse the gory field.
 Then merrily the harp shall sound,
 The halls with costly feats shall shine;
 Then warder send the signal round,
 Thy knight returns from Palestine.

The warder blew a quiv'ring note,
 It echoed o'er the waving brake;
 And swiftly sped the champion's boat
 Thro' the bright waters of the lake.
 The lady rush'd to greet her lord,
 And fondly in his arms she fell;
 He kiss'd her neck of snowy white,
 For then he knew she lov'd him well.
 Now merrily the bells do ring,
 And brightly cross and banner shine;
 The minstrels strike their harps and sing,
 The noble knight from Palestine.

THEY TOLD ME TO SHUN HIM.

They told me to shun him, his fortunes were broken,
And they tore from my bosom his last treasur'd token;
They talked of my title and the blythe ones around me,
Made jest of the changeless affection that bound me;
They said he was faithless—a heartless deceiver,
Who smiled upon woman to ruin and leave her;
They spoke of his faults, of his fortune all wasted,
Still little they thought of the sorrow I tasted.

I met him alone, for 'twas bliss to be near him,
And he spoke of his love, tho' I trembled to hear him;
He bade me farewell—and he said 'twas for ever,
But, no—can I part with him, never, Oh! never.
My heart I yield freely—'tis his and his only,
Without him my life would be dreary and onely;
His faults I'll forgive and my pride I will smother,
For I can be happy with him—and no other!



FLORA'S FESTIVAL:

A PASTORAL ORATORIO,

performed by the pupils of the "Baltimore Musical Institute," May 1, 1838.

PART FIRST.—MORNING.

OPENING CHORUS.

'Tis dawn—'Tis dawn!—'Tis dawn!

Come, sisters, come—the morning freshly breaking,
Brings with its beams the incense of young flowers;
Forth let us go, our melody awaking,
And dance away the rosy infant hours.
Come, sisters, come—the bee its flight is winging,
Zephyrs are blythe and wild birds are singing.
Come, sisters, come—&c.

Plume, plume your wings, ye songsters of the mountain,
Lo! from her home of violets and roses,
Forth comes our queen—now warble loud, ye fountains,
Homage to her, the fairy queen of posies.
Loud swell each voice in strains of joy and gladness,
Banish the frown, the tear and look of sadness.
Come, sisters, come—&c.

FLORA'S FESTIVAL.

SOLO.—FLORA.

Recitative.

HAIL, holy light, hail glorious sun!
 Hail, power supreme, great Three in One!
 The voice of Spring is in the air,
 Her breathing influence every where.

AIR. Come from the glen, come from the hill,
 Zephyrs and fairies, sprites of the rill;
 Come thro' the air, come on the stream,
 Come in the dew-drop and sun's golden beam.
 Buds are expanding to drink the rich dew,
 All my bright subjects are waiting for you;
 Come to my feast, come while ye may;
 Welcome, thrice welcome, 'tis our holiday—
 We'll dance and sing.

SEMI-CHORUS OF ZEPHYRS.

1.

PRETTY little zephyrs we,
 Swiftly through the air we bound,
 Kissing every leafy tree,
 Throwing blossoms on the ground.
 Singing, singing merrily,
 Pretty little zephyrs we.

2.

How we love the budding flowers,
 Tossing round their pretty heads;
 Let us play around your bowers,
 And breathe on your grassy beds.
 Singing, &c.

3.—FULL CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome, zephyrs light,
 Welcome to our feast of flowers;
 Smiling ever with delight,
 Welcome to our fairy bowers.
 Singing, singing merrily,
 Pretty little zephyrs ye.

SOLO.—FIRST ZEPHYR.

1.

Come, come, pretty bird,
 And sing a song for me;
 I'll listen with pleasure
 To your sweet melody.
 Come, come and begin,
 I'll learn your happy strain,
 And warble so sweetly
 O'er hill and flowery plain.
 Sing for me, sing for me,
 Pretty, pretty bird.

2.

Sing, sing, pretty bird,
 Your song I love to hear,
 It trembles so sweetly
 Upon my list'ning ear.
 Come, come and begin,
 Don't droop your pretty wing;
 But, turn your eyes on me
 And sweetly, sweetly sing.
 Sing for me, &c.

FLORA'S FESTIVAL.

CHORUS.

1.

Lo! the east with saffron tint,
 Is heralding the morning;
 And the sun with dazzling beams,
 The mountain tops adorning;
 Through the depths of mellow blue,
 The golden light is darting;
 While the shadow of the night
 Is sullenly departing.
 Come then let us rally,
 Range o'er hill and valley;
 Come then from the fountain.
 Come then from the mountain.
 Lo! the east, &c.

2.

See the eagle from her nest,
 Her upward flight is winging;
 See the lark is in the sky
 His happy matins singing.
 From the bosom of the deep.
 The merry fish are leaping;
 And the ring-dove on the tree,
 Her parent watch is keeping.
 Come, come all—come hither,
 Let us feast together:
 Bliss without measure.
 Hours of joy and pleasure.
 Lo! the east, &c.

FORESTERS.

Solo and Chorus.

1.

THE forest song awake,
And sound the cheering horn;
Come from the bush and the brake,
And hail the blushing morn.
The fox we have traced,
The stag we have chased,
And merrily frolic will we;
The wild valley rung,
While gaily we sung,
The forester's shrill melody.

CHORUS.

Then, would elfins come from the bush and the brake,
And gambol o'er the flowery lawn;
The echo that sleeps in the valley shall wake
To the music of our shrill bugle horn.
Hark, follow, hark!

2.

A merry band are we,
Through wood and glade we speed;
We chase the game with glee,
On foot or eager steed.
Then, hail the glad morn,
With chanson and horn,

FLORA'S FESTIVAL.

And cheerily greet the fair queen,
 And when the dim night,
 To sleep shall invite,
 We'll rest on a couch of bright green.

CHORUS.

Then, would elfins, &c.

ECHO CHORUS.

1.

Echo in the hollow glen,
 Wake ye from your stilly sleep;
 Let us hear your voice again,
 Clear and deep—(*echo*) Clear and deep.
 Warble for us, echo sweet,
 Tell-tale spirit listen,
 Now our morning song repeat,
 Answer now, echo pray,
 Will you join our feast to-day?

2.

Echo in the hollow glen,
 Prithee hear our happy song,
 Then repeat the mellow strain,
 Loud and long—(*echo*) Loud and long.
 Happy could we dwell like you,
 In the silent valley,
 Sleeping years and ages through.
 Will you come, echo say,
 Will you join our feast to-day?

SOLO AND CHORUS

Of Nyriads.

1.

THE limpid stream I call my dazzling home,
 And coral bow'rs are built for me;
 With lightsome step to join the feast I come,
 And sport upon the flowery lea.
 With many a pearl and sparkling gem,
 I've deck'd my robes and diadem;
 My tresses flow as light and free
 As rippling waves upon the sea.

2.

The water-lily and the hollow reed,
 The sounding shell and coral wreath;
 The buds that blossom on the river weed,
 More rich than those of dreary heath;
 All these I give, an offering free,
 For smiles and cheering melody;
 For mine has been the mournful tune
 Of waves complaining to the moon.

FINALE.

Solo and Chorus.

CHORUS. HAIL! all hail!
 Sprites of the mountain and green;
 Hail, all hail!
 Hail to our beautiful queen.
 SOLO. Oh! with what joy is this bosom now swelling,
 Pleasures unnumber'd and bliss beyond telling.
 CHORUS. Hail! &c.

- SOLO. Welcome be all to our banquet of flowers,
Joy at our feast and repose in our bowers.
- CHORUS. Hail! &c.
- SOLO. Let our glad music resound through the valley,
While round our bowers our smiling friends rally.
- CHORUS. Hail! &c.

PART SECOND.—NOON.

Opening Chorus.

1.

'Tis noon—'tis noon—'tis noon.

THE mid-day sun is pouring
His scorching beams along the sky,
No more the birds are soaring,
The flow'rets droop and die.
Fly, then—sister spirits, fly,
The mid-day sun is pouring
His beams along the sky.

2.

The herds in shade are panting,
The leaves hang drooping on the bough;
No more her sweet song chaunting,
The thrush is silent now.
Hide, then, sister spirits, hide,
The herds in shade are panting,
The leaves droop on the bough.

3.

The waters bright are shining,
Reflecting back the burning ray;
The vales and hills seem pining
Beneath the day-god's sway.
Rest, then, sister spirits, rest,
The waters bright are shining,
Reflecting back the ray.

CHORUS.

1.

HASTE to the mountain,
Where wild flow'rs are blowing;
Drink at the fountain
Where cool streams are flowing.
There let us ramble,
And gaily gambol
Round rock and bramble.
All singing with glee.

2.

Haste to the valley,
Where green lawns are shaded;
Round the tree rally
Whose leaves are unfaded.
In cool grove sleeping,
Where streams are leaping,
And zephyrs creeping.
Come let us rest.

FLORA'S FESTIVAL.

CONCERTED CHORUS.

Before the Storm.

THE frothy waves are rolling up the shore,
 The stormy wind is piping loud;
 Its voice is mingling with the thunder's roar,
 That issues from the opening cloud.

Still let sweet music gladden the hours,
 While happy voices ring in our bowers;
 Strike, strike the tabor, sound the soft lute,
 Let the sweet viol tune with the flute.

Chorus of boys. Fly, sisters—fly, sisters,
 Fly 'tis the storm.

SOLO & CHORUS.

Storm Spirit.

I.

I COME upon the rolling cloud,
 And fire is on my pinion tips,
 The mighty winds are chaunting loud,
 And thunder muttering from my lips.
 Tremble, tremble, tremble, fly,
 My course is thro' the troubled sky.

Chorus. Tremble, tremble, tremble, fly,
 The storm-fiend rides along the sky.

2.

I've travelled o'er the heaving deep,
I've howl'd above the struggling barque;
I've bellow'd round the rocky steep,
And shouted on thro' regions dark.
Tremble, &c.

3.

The knotty oak I've split in twain,
I've hurl'd the tall pine from its bed;
I've swept across the flowery plain,
With lightnings flashing round my head.
Tremble, &c.

CHORUS.

1.

THE storm is past, the storm is past,
The flow'rs are blooming bright;
The fleecy clouds are vanishing
Before the golden light.
Come forth, come forth and breathe the air,
Rich with the scent of flowers;
The birds are sweetly carolling
Within their leafy bowers.
Come forth, come forth,
All come forth.

2.

The storm is past, the storm is past,
The sky is clear and bright;
The merry tabor we will sound,
In accents of delight,

FLORA'S FESTIVAL.

Come forth, come forth—'tis mild and calm,
 The dripping leaves are still;
 The rivulet rolls brightly on,
 And flowers bedeck the hill.
 Come forth, &c.

QUARTETTE.

SIGH, gentle gales, around our leafy dwelling,
 Bring rich perfumes upon thy viewless wings;
 Soft, softly breathe—the wind-harps cadence swelling.
 Linger awhile among its silken strings.

CHORUS.

1.

THE sunbeams are glancing o'er forest and mountain,
 The hill-tops are tinged with the last feeble ray;
 Let's dip in the stream of the bright-flowing fountain,
 And steal its sweet violets and lilies away.
 The wild-rose and myrtle their soft leaves are closing,
 The cowslip is catching the dew in its bell;
 The ring-dove and thrush in their nests are reposing,
 And young leaves are sighing to day-light farewell.

2.

Let's go to the peak where the last sunbeam lingers,
 And gaze on the day-god as calmly he sinks;
 The laurel we'll wreath with our own fairy fingers,
 And rob the night-shade of the dew that it drinks.

Let's go to the valley where darkness is wreathing,
And mock the cool stream as it murmurs along;
Let's count the wild-flowers whose odours are breathing,
And make hill and valley re-echo our song.

FINALE.

Chorus.

1.

THE golden sun sinks in the west,
The mountain tops retain his beams;
The parent bird flies to her nest,
The fire-fly thro' the valley streams.
The whip-poor-will begins his lay,
And rosy twilight paints the sky,
While creeping on with mantle gray,
And noiseless step, night dims the eye.

2.

Now dimly thro' the misty blue,
The stars are peeping, one by one,
Illuming every drop of dew
That just has trembled in the sun;
The night bird spreads his heavy wings,
And hovers o'er the silent dell;
The nightingale her vespers sings,
And Nature bids the day farewell.

PART THIRD.—NIGHT.

Opening Chorus.

1.

'Tis night—'tis night—'tis night.

STARLIGHT is streaming,

Moonlight is beaming,

Sweet birds are dreaming—

Hail, silent night!

Still gaily dancing,

In moonlight glancing,

Music entrancing,

Calls to delight.

Starlight is streaming, &c.

2.

Eyes brightly shining,

Gay chaplets twining,

Never repining—

Joyous and free:

Night creeps around us,

Dim shades have bound us

Still as they found us—

Happy we'll be.

Starlight is streaming, &c.

SOLO.

Moonlight.

HAIL to thee, queen of the silent night,
 Shine clear, shine bright,
 Yield thy pensive light;
 Blithely we'll dance in thy silver ray,
 Happily passing the hours away.
 Must we not love the stilly night,
 Dress'd in her robes of blue and white.
 Heaven's vaults ring,
 Stars wink and sing—
 Hail, silent night!
 Moonlight!—fairy moonlight.

2.

Dart thy pure beams from thy throne on high,
 Beam on—thro' sky
 Robed in azure dye;
 We'll laugh and we'll sport while the night-bird sings,
 Flapping the dew from his sable wings;
 Sprites love to sport in the still moonlight,
 Play with the pearls of shadowy night—
 Then let us sing,
 Time's on the wing,
 Hail, silent night!
 Moonlight!—fairy moonlight!

CHORUS.

AWAY, away—the moon and stars are shining,
 We'll dance o'er hill and flowery green;
 With laughing eye and heart that knows no pining,
 We'll make the night pay homage to our queen.
 Away—away—away—away—
 The fairy moonlight streaming,
 Upon the mountain height,
 As if the world were dreaming
 Of music and delight.
 Away, away, &c.

SOLO.

Recitative and Aria.

YE burning stars, bright jewels of the night!
 Send forth your streams of pure and silvery light;
 Glare proudly thro' the depths of mellow blue,
 And yield new lustre to the crystal dew.

ARIA. Stars that are dancing lightly,
 Sing in your orbits nightly,
 Ne'er could ye beam mere brightly,
 More beautiful than now.
 Oh! how purely beams
 Thy radiance round the crown of night,
 As if the realm of dreams,
 Were made of moons and planets bright.

CHORUS.

WILL you come to the fields where the moon's shining bright,
 Where wild flowers grow in her silvery light;
 Where the birds carol sweet when the morning ray dawns,
 And cattle are grazing on flowery lawns.
 And there we will frolic the bright hours away,
 With hearts full of love, and heads full of play;
 Our homes may be sweet—but sweeter will be
 The dark-waving forest and moonshiny lea.

 DOUBLE CHORUS AND SOLO.

1.

Solo. The moonlight dances on the lake,
 And heav'n is mirror'd in its waveless breast,
 The placid stars their songs awake,
 And lull the gentle zephyrs into rest.

Chorus. Away to our church then of lilies and roses,
 And peace to the bower where the fairy repose.

2.

Solo. The midnight elfins stalk along,
 And wonder at the blitheness of our lay,
 The stilly glens send back our song,
 And bid each fairy haste to home away.

Chorus. Away to our couch, &c.

SUB-CHORUS OF BOYS.

Good night to all,—we've sung our lay,
 Good night to all—we must away !



THE
RIVAL HARPS.

A POEM.

IN FIVE PARTS.

"O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest thy love prove likewise variable.
Romeo and Juliet.

P R E F A C E

TO THE ORIGINAL PUBLICATION.

The following Poem, the production of a few leisure hours, was suggested by reading Montgomery's *Wanderer of Switzerland*. Building on a plan so justly admired as that of Montgomery's, the author fears he may be charged with plagiarism, particularly by those of his countrymen who condemn all but imported poetry. He can only say he has endeavored to make the piece *all his own*, and, if there is any part wherein he may be accused of a want of originality, it has escaped his observation, and that of many of his friends who have perused the MS.

At the period which this poem embraces, (about the year 1797.) Switzerland fell a prey to the rapacity and ambition of France. Hostilities were not openly commenced; the way was first paved by the treacherous emissaries of that powerful Republic, and the subjugating of the ill-fated country followed, after a long and gallant struggle in defence of her liberties. The romantic and wild scenery of Switzerland, the hardiness of her men and the beauty of her women, their inflexible bravery, and their love of music and poetry, are subjects which would naturally prompt a young poet to plume his fancy-wings to so choice a spot; and, though it is a bold undertaking for the *first*, the author throws himself upon the generosity of his countrymen, and hopes that they will deal with him gently.

THE
RIVAL HARPS.

PART FIRST.

Hear ye the trumpet in the vale!
See ye the banners flap the gale!
The war-drum rolls on cannon'd crest,
And frights the eagle from her nest.
Behold the war-fire on yon height,
Fading in day's ascending light;
The hero's beacon—high his soul
Swells when conflicting thunder roll,
And vengeful lightnings lume the sky,
Leading to death or victory.

When War's shrill trumpet gives the word,
To the heroic soul appealing,
Who hears, and burns not for the sword,
Who hears, and owns no patriot feeling?
If there be one whose craven soul
Shrinks back affrighted from the cry,
Round him let flames in vengeance roll,
Coals for his bed, smoke his canopy!
His lov'd one's tears, his children's scream,
His country's wrongs, he'll feel and see;
His soul will spurn the slavish dream,
He'll wield the sword of victory!

.

War yells around; each mountaineer
 Seizes his sword and sturdy spear;
 His spirit wakes, it scorns control,
 A man in frame,—a Mars in soul!
 The vales of Underwalden ring
 With his war song; the eagles wing
 Their downward flight, to fan the flame
 That kindles in the son of fame.
 Oh! Switzerland! to shield thy rights,
 Many a gallant peasant rallies;
 Hundreds rush to the mountain heights,
 And feed the battle beacon lights
 That flash o'er hills and crags and valleys.
 Gladly they grasp the spears their sires
 Had borne in olden days, with spirits
 Such as a thirst for fame inspires,
 Such as a breast like Tell's inherits.
 They rise t' oppose usurping France,
 To guard their homes, their rights, their lives.
 And, dearer than all, perchance,
 Their little children and their wives.

See! from his hut the mountaineer
 Rushes with rifle, sword and spear;
 A wallet o'er his shoulders slung,
 A horn loose from his baldric hung;
 And, see! the noble youth with speed
 Vaulting upon his fretful steed,
 Anxious for fight; his cossack green,
 His pistols bright, his sabre keen.

He heads his troop, proud of command,
But prouder, far of Switzerland!

Henric! why tarry in thy cot,
When rock-girt Lucern's silver wave
Heaves 'neath many a warlike boat,
And echoes with the martial stave!
Up, gallant youth! and join the rank;
On proud St. Gothard war-drums rattle;
The signal glares on lofty Blanc,
And Uri's bugle calls to battle.

No—with his Josaphine, his own,
His dearest Josaphine, alone
He sits, the while her mellow voice
Wraps him in more than paradise.
Tho' clarions thro' the welkin ring,
He stays to hear his lov'd one sing;
The wildest din that war peals out,
Is lost in her soft-flowing note.
Fame's trumpet sounds in vain, he hears
But one mild strain, that sails along
Like breathings from the starry spheres,
Like down shook from the wings of song.

She strikes the harp with fingers fair,
All tenderly she sweeps the strings;
Love prompts the theme, and gently wings
The numbers thro' the trembling air.
Her eyes, like floating orbs, the while
Her lips (such lips as ever smile
When the dew drops of love hang there)
Like two inviting rubies are.

She strikes the harp, 'tis Heav'n's own lay
That steals the listener's soul away.

SONG.

When far from this devoted bosom,
When clouds of war envelop thee;
Remembrance, like a tender blossom,
May sometimes turn and bloom on me—
Go—that a smiling sky for ever
Above thy path of fame may shine;
That grief may cloud its brightness never,
Is the first, warmest prayer of mine.
Go, warrior, go—thy country calls;
Listen, thy courser's trappings rattle;
What if the gallant hero falls!
Fame crowns him in the hour of battle—

We have felt through our bosoms darting,
Feelings more sharp than lips can tell;
We've known the agony of parting,
The anguish of a long farewell.
We've seen the timid tear soft stealing,
We've felt the wild, convulsive press
Of eager lips; we've felt the feeling
Of parting's secret bitterness.
Go, warrior, go, &c.

Oh! then need I, with harp untutor'd,
To thee such bitter scenes pourtray?
Tell thee how soft the farewell's utter'd,
When honor calls my love away?
No—let a harp more rich than this is,
The secret pangs of parting tell;

Magic is the tears and kisses
 That seal a lingering farewell.
 Then, warrior go, &c.

Then, Oh! farewell, 'tis breathed sincerely,
 If gory wreaths are twined for thee,
 Die like thy fathers, selling dearly
 Every leaf from Freedom's tree.
 And now the harp, whose breathings lonely,
 Long, long have been as spells to thee,
 Shall hush its music, whispering only,
 Oh! fare thee well! remember me!
 Go, warrior, go, &c.

He clasps her to his breast: a tear,
 More rich than those, which, from the sphere
 Of stars drop on the modest bell
 Of some retiring floweret, fell
 Upon his hand, fresh from her cheek,
 Which oft he kist. He could not speak,
 Oh it was bliss's sweet excess,
 More were too much—'twere chilly less.

At length the rapturous spell was broke,
 Girting his sabre to his side,
 And throwing on his martial cloak,
 Thus breathed he to his weeping bride

“Oh! Josaphine—dear Josaphine!
 When shall I hear that harp again?
 When shall I see those dark eyes shine,
 Or hear those lips repeat the strain?”

The trumpet calls me to the field
Where warriors struggle man to man;
I go—thy love shall be my shield,
Thy smiles shall light me to the van.
My country calls aloud for aid—
Cold on the plain I may be laid:—
I hear the bugle's quivering breath;
Perchance it is the call of death;
Perchance thy Henric ne'er again
May hear thy harp's soul-soothing strain;
And the warm pulse that fills his breast,
Soon may be lull'd t' eternal rest!
My Josaphine!—that pallid cheek!
Have I awakened terrors?—speak.
Nay, nay—I only jest; look up,
This kiss is not the last, I hope:
Smile, Josaphine; the eye for years
Inured to smiles, looks dim in tears.
I'll go where'er you bid me go,
Through burning sands or drifting snow;
I'll fearless plough the stormy deep,
Cross deserts wild and glaciers steep;
For thoughts of you will cheer my way,
My star by night, my sun by day:
The battle's storm may roll in vain,
For we will meet in joy again.
And, Oh! remember, when I'm gone,
How oft we've sung, when the pale moon
Shone pensively upon the stream
That wanton'd in her silvery beam;

Remember, when, with eyes that shed
 The fire of soul, thy fingers sped
 Over thy harp, whose tender strain
 Will bring me back to thee again.
 —And now, one kiss—nay, prithee, two,
 Then, then, my Josaphine!—adieu!”

’Twas said—’twas done; then, with a warm

And manly grasp, he took the hand
 Of aged Werner, whose bent form
 Had weathered many a bitter storm.

“Father,” said he, “my native land
 Is dear to me, but dearer still
 This lovely one. Dark fate may will
 That I should fall; if so, ah! calm
 The tumult of affliction’s storm:
 Guard her from danger—tenderly,
 Oh! be to her as thou’rt to me.”

“Son!” said the hoary sire, whose eye,
 Though dim with years, kindled in war,

“Last night I saw on peak afar,
 The battle-beacon flaming high;
 Above it shone the prophet-star
 Of Switzerland; ’twas dim, though red,
 And quivering were the beams it shed.
 Oh! bloody sign!—e’en now I see
 Switzerland yoked in infamy!
 I see her bend to foreign laws,
 I see her mourn for what she was.
 And now, upon the battle-plain,
 Showers of hostile lightnings pour;

Swiss struggle for their rights in vain,
 Recording them with ink of gore.
 The brazen horn of Uri sounds,
 The echo through the mountains rings,
 The vulture spreads its dark gray wings,
 And the swift chamois wildly bounds.
 All Underwalden hears the cry,
 St. Gothard rings with "Liberty!"
 And from the waters of Lucern
 To the proud battlements of Berne,
 The loud, imperative decree
 Swells from the lips of Liberty.
 Curse on thee, treacherous Pays-de-vaud!*
 Wear France's chains—but wear alone;
 True Swiss disdain the traitor sword
 That mars the keenness of her own!

"Go—son of me, thou shalt return,
 But, ah! in sorrow, when the star
 Of Liberty shall cease to burn,
 Then shalt thou come to curse the war,
 And weep upon thy country's urn.
 But, son, be brave, like dauntless Tell;

* The inhabitants of Pays-de-vaud were the cause of the encroachments of the French upon the rights of Switzerland. A revolt against the constitution, invited Gan. Meynard, under pretence of supporting their claims, to enter the country with an army of 15,000 men, which was opposed by an army of 20,000, under the command of Col. Weiss, who was defeated. The next, of the same number, commanded by D'Erlach, encountered the French, but were repeatedly routed. The unfortunate D'Erlach, with many of his officers, fell a victim to the rage of his soldiers.

Remember Furst and Stauffacher, *
 Whose blood thou hast. And now, farewell!
 —Thy bride, I'll be a sire to her."
 He shook the youthful warrior's hand,
 And gave him to his father-land.

* * * * *

Soft as those fleece-encircled flowers,
 Kist by young Iris after showers; †
 Mild as the breath of summer's even,
 Laden with fragrant dews from Heaven;
 Pure as the stream that gently roll'd
 O'er Pisa's shining sands of gold, ‡
 —But not so fleet, so wild, so cold;
 Bright as the rare and costly gem
 That decks a Sultan's diadem;
 Fair as those blanch and balmy flowers,
 That twined around the Paphian bowers;
 True as the maid whose tell-tale sigh,
 Was never known to bear a lie; §
 Warm as the mystic winds that kiss
 The flowers in Eden's field of bliss;

* Walter Furst of Uri, Werner Stauffacher of Schwitz, and Arnold of Melchthal of Underwalden, were the first who conspired against the Austrian yoke at Brunnan, in 1307. See notes to the *Wanderer of Switzerland*.

† The ancients supposed those flowers and trees the sweetest upon which the rainbow had appeared to rest. *Moore*.

‡ The river Alpheus, which flowed by Pisa or Olympia. *Ib.*

§ *Echa*

Deep as the fount of Rosiniere, *
 Unchangeable, as if it were
 A spring of everlasting joy,
 A fount which time cannot destroy:
 Sweet as th' eternal sweets above,
 Is mutual, long and faithful love!
 To cling to *one* through life and death,
 To draw in love with every breath;
 To think that if we lost *that one*,
 The world would be without a sun!
 —Such can the icy spirit melt,
 —Such love young Henric *thought* he felt.

PART SECOND.

BLANC saw the sun, th' eternal snow †
 That hung upon her subtle brow.
 Blazed with his beams, while all below
 Was wrapt in night. The flowery plains
 Of Underwalden, and her valleys,
 Echo the bugle's warlike strains;
 While round the flag of Freedom rallies

* Near Rosiniere is a famous spring, which rises in the midst of a natural basin of 12 square feet. Its temperature never varies; it is as clear as crystal, and its depth unfathomable, probably the end of some subterraneous lake that has never found an issue for its waters.

† Mount Blanc measures 15,662 feet above the sea, and is so much higher than the surrounding Alps, that it retains the beams of the sun twenty minutes earlier and longer than they.

The dauntless band. High in the mountains,
 'Midst snowy caves and icy fountains,
 Weeps many a maid for lover gone
 To join the battle, lost or won.
 When erst upon his neck she hung,
 And thus unto her hero sung
 Her farewell lay, before the breath
 Of bugle call'd to fame or death.

SONG.

The light of glory guide thee on,
 O'er piles of dead, through streams of gore,
 'Till Victory's proudest wreath is won,
 And the fell tri-flag waves no more. †

Let war's dread tumult thunder round,
 Let Heaven echo back the peal;
 Let death be in the clarion's sound,
 And lightning in the patriot's steel!

Let carriage sweep the Gallic ranks,
 And lay their proudest champions low;
 Let spears pervade their chargers' flanks,
 And bid the crimson current flow.

† the approach of the French army, many of the Swiss in their families and herds among the highest Alps met them and to join their countrymen in the plains below to serve the of the enemy.

‡ tri-coloured banner of the French Republic.

Let vengeance speed the patriot arms,
 To shield the cause of Liberty;—
 But safe from battle's dread alarms,
 May'st thou return again to me!

Go, go, and honor be thy guide
 To glory and to victory;
 Soldier! thy maiden's inmost pride
 Is to behold her country free!

One prayer to Heav'n—one ling'ring kiss,
 One fond embrace, and then farewell;
 If there be Heaven on earth, 'tis this,
 When hearts for love and glory swell!

There's many a hoary sire, with heart
 Throbbing to take a nobler part
 In Freedom's contest: When a boy,
 That heart would own no greater joy
 Than that inspired by conflict's rattle,
 And feelings only known in battle.

But see! on yonder wintry height,
 The arms of Underwalden gleam; *
 How glorious—and, oh! how bright
 To his old time dimm'd eyes they seem!
 His patriot soul awakes!—the dream
 Of days of chivalry revives;
 The prowess of his youth returns,
 Within him still the hero lives,
 Although life's taper dimly burns!

* In the last and decisive battle, the Underwalders were overpowered by two French armies, which rushed upon them from the opposite mountains, and surrounded their camp, while an assault, at the same time, was made upon them from the lake. *Wanderer of Switz.*

Countless the plumes on yonder plain,
 Countless the hoofs that beat the ground,
And countless echoes swell the strain
 That clashing cymbals scatter round.

The Gallic host with all its pomp,
And glittering arms, and warlike trump
Advances, like a stormy flood,
Foaming with ire, and red with blood.

Now thro' the shadows of the glen,
 The French wend slowly on their way;
No more they dream of danger, than
 The huner-wasted bird of prey,
Dreams that a sparrow will resist
His descent on her humble nest.
Little they dream that every nook,
And ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry rock,
(Hurl'd there by some primæval shock
In Nature) holds a dauntless band,
Ready to die for Switzerland!

One warrior on the mountain stood,
 And as he look'd adown the steep,
Warm ran the current of his blood,
 And vengeance quivered on his lip.
He look'd on Nature wildly drest
 In her bright robe of majesty;
It was a sight that lull'd to rest
 The poignant throb of misery.
As on the smiling fields he gazed,
 Where Heaven and earth in azure blend;

Fancy a pleasing image raised
 Of one—his own—his dearest friend.
 Then to the shadow'd glen he turn'd,
 Where hireling bands were slowly wheeling—
 His eye with indignation burn'd,
 His bosom swell'd with martial feeling.
 Lives there a soul that has not felt,
 While feasting in some foreign dome,
 The dreams of wealth and splendor melt
 Before one kindly thought of home?
 Lives there a man with breast so drear,
 Heart so unfeeling, cold, unkind;
 Who calls the untried love more dear
 Than that he's left to pine behind?
 If there be such, with conscience dumb,
 Let him, like Henric on the height,
 Stand with his thoughts upon his home,
 His lov'd one, and his country's right;
 The heart, still fondly, as of old,
 The shrine of all that's dear will prove;
 All smiles will seem as shadows cold,
 Save those which first ensnared his love!

He muses—weeps—'tis warrior's tears—
 He thinks of Josaphine afar—
 But soon the braying trump of war
 Awakes his soul, his visions clears!
 Thousands of echoes ring around,
 Thousands of steeds snort to the sound;
 The mountaineers join in the cry,
 "For Switzerland and Liberty!"

Like torrents from the mountain pouring,
Down rush the Swiss, their rifles roaring
Harmonious with the clanging steel.
The hostile ranks give way—they reel
Beneath the shock; hundreds are thrown
Down the steep crags of pointed stone,
There to remain for vulture's food,
For wolves to batten on their blood!

As clouds, that sail in stormy weather,
Break at the doubling thunder's clash,
Then join their shatter'd parts together,
And onwards still in darkness rush,
So rallied France's scatter'd host,
All Europe's dread, a tyrant's boast;
Firm as eternal rocks they stand,
Nor fear the dauntless rustic band
Whose swords such devastation throw,
As if death guided every blow.

Henric is in the van; his sword
Glitters in air, and reeks with blood,
Fleet lightning from its point is shed,
As high he waves the polish'd steel;
And while he glances on the dead,
He would have felt, but dares not feel.
Struck with his prowess, hundreds fly,
But fly in vain; o'er the dread verge
They reel, and die ingloriously,
While vultures scream th' invader's dirge.
The pass is clogg'd with dead—Beware,
Proud Gaul! the wolf darts from his lair

Upon the foe, bristles his mane,
Ready to feast upon the slain.

Where's now the sinew'd arm to break
Again the hostile ranks? Glory
Can bid the sleeping soul awake,
And nerve the arm of veteran hoary.
To win the pass by Gallia held,
The Swiss resolve: to risk their lives
To guard their children and their wives,
For every heart with valor swell'd.
"On!" Henric shouts—"on, on, ye brave!
To glory, comrades! or the grave!"

Where the wild cat'ract flings its waters
Over eternal rocks—behold!
Wives with their husbands, sons, and daughters
Joining in fight *—the while the old
And war-worn soldier waves his hand,
And shouts aloud for Switzerland!
Aye, Switzerland—once great—once free,
But now a nest of slavery!

Yes, many a maid in arms is drest,
The patriot flame burns in her breast;
Her lily hand upholds the blade,
She travels thro' the flood of gore;
And, in her zeal, forgets the maid,
To be the hero form'd for war!

* At the battle of Underwalden many of the women and children of the Underwalders fought in the ranks, and fell gloriously for their country. *Wanderer of Switz.*

Now, Swiss, who dares to stop with fear,
 When lovely women in the front appear,
 Prepared to share the fate with ye,
 To die in glory—or be free!

Now down the jagged mountain side,
 Once more the little phalanx tread,
 Reckless how soon the mountain tide
 May bathe the features of the dead.
 Behold the rainbow flag of France,
 'Midst the bright arms that round it glance,
 With crimson streak'd, as if 't alone
 Led thee to blood, Napoleon!
 And now they close; 'tis blade to blade,
 And every inch is dearly won:
 But, hark! the cannonry's begun
 Its deadly roar. Behold the maid,
 Prompted by love, ward off the blow
 That would have laid her lover low,
 With her own breast, and, dying, cry,
 "Forward! revenge is victory!"

The morning sun in splendour bright,
 In mockery gilds the field of fight;
 But few behold the golden ray
 Painting the smoky columns red,
 But sigh, and wipe a tear away,
 To see such beauty 'midst the dead.
 In vain the gallant Schwitzers stand,*
 The bulwark of their native land;

On the morning after the battle of Unterwalden, a band from
 Canton Schwitz came, too late, to the aid of their countrymen.
 They fell bravely to a man.

In vain the Underwalders pour
 Down on the Gauls, the fight is o'er!
 They yield—they break, but, broken stand,
 Still with the weeping sword in hand,
 Resisting faintly, for 'twere worse
 To live a slave than perish thus.
 Double the force that now assails,
 Double the storm that now prevails;
 Double the thunder of their ire,
 Double the hurricane of fire!
 "Stand—stand your ground!"—brave Henric cries,
 Vengeance still flashing from his eyes,
 "Swiss! are ye men, and will ye thus
 Resign the home so dear to us?
 On them again!"—'tis said—'tis done,
 They fall like heroes one by one;
 Henric, the foremost in the fray,
 Wounded amidst the bravest lay.

PART THIRD.

Oh! Stanz! around thy crested towers *
 The meteors of the battle soar,
 Bursting the clouds, whose bloody showers
 Redden the lake from shore to shore.
 Mark from each cannon'd embrasure
 The flood of vengeful lightning pours

* Stantz, the capitol of Underwalden, was burnt by the French the night following the battle.

Destructive on the haughty Gauls,
 Who vaunt beneath thy trembling walls.
 The firmament is filled with fire,
 Earth trembles, and the loftiest spire
 Amidst the Alps quakes with the blow,
 And sheds its mighty dress of snow,
 Deluging all that's fair below. *
 Swell on, proud lake! swell on thy shore,
 And wash away the pools of gore;
 Swell on, Lucern! amidst thy waves
 Engulph the host of Gallic slaves!

Henric awakes—he glances round,
 He lay not on the battle ground;
 The curtain'd couch, the taper dim,
 And cheerful hearth are new to him.
 'Tis like a dream that soon will melt,
 Lingerin' to mock the pain he felt:
 Hush'd is the trump, it swells no more,
 Hush'd is the dread artillery's roar;
 Silent the scene, his comrades groan
 No more—he lives to die alone!

Suddenly a glare of light
 Flashes upon the chamber's gloom,
 And shrieks sail on the wings of night,
 As if the bowels of the tomb
 Yielded their mouldering trust. From Stantz
 The wailings rise; the wolves of France

The *Lavanges* are tremendous torrents of snow that fall from peaks of the mountains, and, accumulating as they roll, deluge us and overturn villages. A bird flying against a mountain red with snow, is apt to cause great desolation.

Are loose again! with breath of fire,
They wanton round the burning pyre.
Henric beheld the flames and smoke,
As thro' the tottering eaves they broke;
Beheld the blood emblazon'd sky,
As giant columns roll'd on high,
Streaking the purest depths of blue
With one wide sheet of fiery hue.
He heard the wild, blood curdling cries
Mingling with shout and rolling drum;
Tears trickled from his burning eyes,
He wept for Switzerland—for home.
Despair and horror fired his brain,
Rage hurried through each fev'rish vein:
Oh! then he own'd but one desire,
To rush upon the bloody pyre,
And perish amidst the angry blaze
With them, the helpless and the lone;
Unhonored thus to end his days,
To Switzerland and shame unknown!
But Josaphine—his cherish'd wife,
She wrought the link that bound to life.

Why, why did Heaven its arm withdraw
From such a scene of fire and gore!
Was it to blast with rain of blood,
The freedom of the brave and good?
Was it to spread Death's dark robe o'er,
That they might live in shame no more?
"God's will be done!" the soldier said,
"Poor Switzerland! thy flame is fled!"

He slept—but 'twas a worried sleep,
 Dream after dream stole through his brain;
 He wept—and only liv'd to weep
 His country's wrongs, her heroes slain.
 He thought he heard soft music's numbers
 Stealing like magic o'er his slumbers;
 And Josaphine, his tender bride,
 He thought, was singing by his side.

SONG.

Soldier, sleep—the fight is done,
 Mute the trumpet, mute the drum;
 Let the lions still rage on,
 Switzerland is still thy home.

Soldier, thou must fight no more,
 Thou hast done thy part too well;
 Let the Gallic lion roar
 Round the wretched land of Tell.

Heroes on the field lay dead,
 But their names shall ever dwell
 Deep in those for whom they bled,
 Deep in those for whom they fell.

Death no terrors hath for thee,
 Grief no limits hath in us;
 Oh! 'tis glorious to be
 Worshipp'd by thy country thus!

Live, O, live for Switzerland,
 Freedom's star may shine again;
 And the patriot's sinew'd hand
 May strike off the galling chain.

Oh! Henric, those were times too dear
 'To be recall'd without a tear;
 Too fondly grasp'd, too sweetly brief
 Not to be thought of without grief."

"I lov'd thee, Elodie, I lov'd,
 And to the latest hour I prov'd
 How much I felt; but fortune frown'd—
 Thy sire was noble; I was poor:
 Honor my name had never crown'd,
 Or garnish'd it with golden store.
 He foster'd me, he school'd my mind,
 And taught me love by being kind.
 Thine was the smile, thine, thine the beauty
 That led me from the path of duty.
 I saw thee—lov'd, or thought I lov'd,
 But 'twas a boyish passion; reason
 Th' intoxicating cup remov'd,
 I dash'd it from my lips in season."

"In season! Henric!—'twas too late;
 'Twas told—confess'd, and from that date
 My heart was thine." "Nay, the wild fire
 Of boyish passion burnt the higher
 The more you smiled: Believe it not,
 I said—I vow'd, I knew not what.
 Oh! Elodie, I would be hateful
 Unto myself and unto thee,
 Had I once prov'd to him ungrateful,
 Who foster'd me so tenderly!
 I fled—I tore myself away,
 To grief and every pang a prey.

Beneath my father's roof I dwelt,
 And soon forgot thee, Elodie!
 Conquered the pride I once had felt,
 And liv'd in sweet obscurity."

"Oh! 'twas unkind, I thought I shared
 At least your friendship; but 'tis gone,
 And hadst thou not thy love declared,
 Thou would'st have lived to mine unknown.
 Months—years of sorrow I have pass'd;
 Hope warmed my bosom to the last;
 Hope of beholding thee again,
 Soften'd, in part, my hours of pain.

Chide not these tears; remembrance flings
 The dew shower from her lucent wings;
 My dreams, awake—asleep—were still
 Centred in thee; my sprightly mood
 Forsook me in the gloom of solitude;
 My drooping heart foreboded something ill.
 My father died—peace to his hallow'd dust!
 I left the world and pleasure in disgust:
 Here to this lonely mansion, with a dame,
 My aged aunt, mourning but two, I came.
 My harp, the soother of my grief, awhile
 Sweeten'd my hours and taught my lips to smile.
 You once adored this harp; often the tear
 Stole down your cheeks, when I winged to your ear
 Its tenderest notes: It was my pride to hear
 Your lips respond to every tender strain—
 But now, 'tis past—it must not be again!

The howl of war in yonder vale,
 Echoed wildly from rock to rock;
 The vulture screamed upon the gale,
 And nature groan'd beneath the shock.

With many others I beheld
 Underwalden's little band
 Spread on the ground; my bosom swell'd,
 —I felt—I wept for Switzerland!
 The thirsty bayonet of the Gaul,
 Drank Freedom's blood, and one and all
 Of Schwitzer's heroes, closely pent,
 Died upon Freedom's monument.
 After the fray the old man sped
 To hide the mangled piles of dead.
 O'er the still reeking field I trod,
 Watering with tears each bloody sod,
 Breathing a prayer for every soul
 Now resting at th' eternal goal.

Under a heap of slain, I saw
 One who still breathed, tho' faint and slow:
 Over his face hung locks of gore,
 That face as white as drifting snow.
 I wiped the blood from off his brow,
 I bath'd it with my warmest tears;
 I kist—for, Henric, oh! 'twas thou,
 Thou, the truant of three long years:
 Here rest thee then; the steel of war
 Shall glitter o'er thy head no more;
 I'll be thy guardian and thy friend,
 My tenderness shall have no end;

I'll nurse thee night and day—beguile
Thy hours, and teach thee how to smile,
'Till safe recover'd, Henric! then
We part—never to meet again."

"Never! oh! Elodie, not never;
To thee I owe my life: Forgive
My harshness. Yes, our hearts must sever,
But gratitude for aye shall live.
Be thou my friend—my *second* friend"—
"Ah! I will be thy first; the end
Of all my dearest hopes shall be
To prove a faithful friend to thee."
Her eyes betrayed how much she felt,
She tried to read her doom in his;
Steady upon her face they dwelt,
As if to pierce her soul's abyss.

"Stantz smokes a ruin"—slow he said,
"Hundreds have died by flame and blade."
The maid replied—"Ah! Henric, when
Shall Switzerland be free again!"
"When?—when God in mercy hears
The widow's shrieks, the orphan's cries;
When he beholds the scalding tears
Rolling in floods from aged eyes!
A few—a desperate few remain,
Who scorn to wear a tyrant's chain;
Their hearts are one, and time will come,
When Switzerland will be the tomb
Of France's bravest; she will weep
The hour she broke the tiger's sleep.

But, Elodie, this prate is vain,
 Strike, oh! strike thy harp again;
 And, while thy skilful fingers sweep,
 Over its strings, in cadence deep,
 Sing me into gentle sleep."

She smiled—Love spread her dewy lips,
 Yet, still 'twas forced and scarcely felt;
 She touch'd the strings with her finger tips,
 And music came to soar and melt
 On Henric's ear: he dared not sigh,
 Lest one sweet note unheard should die.

SONG.

She spoke of Love, and round her lips
 A glowing sunbeam seemed to play,
 Yet o'er it hung a dark eclipse,
 Ready to dim its trembling ray.
 As stars shine in their azure spheres,
 And pour out soft effulgency,
 So, richly shone her virgin tears,
 Pure—holy—trembling silently.

She sung of Love, and with a voice
 That partly lingered on her tongue;
 Methought a choir of paradise
 Mingled their notes with those she sung.
 As o'er the wilder'd chords she swept,
 Such music through the ether flew,
 That, when the pensive minstrel wept,
 I could not keep from weeping too.

She died for Love—and with a breath
 That rose like incense pure above,

Yielded her angel form to death—
 Though to the last she spoke of Love!
 "Oh, thus it is," I cried, as by
 Her silent'urn I wept alone,
 "That Beauty's flower is sure to die
 When budding 'neath too warm a sun!"

 PART FOURTH.

DAYS, months roll'd past; the wound was heal'd,
 Still Henric linger'd, still conceal'd
 The name of Josaphine. Some spell,
 From what strange source he could not tell,
 Stole round his heart; it could not be
 That notes like those of Elodie,
 Had moved again the magic spring,
 And taught him love! No, they might wing
 To other hearts a tender flame,
 But not to his—it was unmoved;
 Yet, still he thought, and thought with shame
 On Josaphine, *once* fondly loved.

Man holds it as a right of man,
 To seek for bliss where'er he can;
 To wanton round each flower he meets,
 And, like the bee purloin its sweets.
 He holds it as a partial duty,
 To worship at the court of beauty,
 To steal from lips that vital fire
 Which kindles love, hope, joy, desire;

Touch once the nerve of vanity,
And, Woman! thine's the victory.
He love's the form that's loveliest,
And lulls his conscience thus to rest:
"Heaven is cloyed with stars, which light
The spacious firmament of night,
And in the midst, one moon alone
Is seen to grace the purple zone.
Yet, were it not for Sol's proud beam,
Moon, star or planet would not gleam;
Their splendor would be lost: and so
Dear woman's lips would cease to glow,
Were't not for man, who, like the sun,
Looks warmly down on every one!
Then why should I, who so admire
The gentle sex, quench that sweet fire
Which warms the hardest heart? Why shun
A thousand shrines to kneel at one?"

False-hearted being!—is it thus
That eyes, which fondly beamed on us,
Should bend to earth their melting ray,
And weep for him who could betray?
O, woman's love is deep and lonely,
Her bosom beats for one—one only;
She claims him by his plighted vow,
She claims him by the tears that flow
Down her wan cheek, by every spell
That tremble's in love's fond farewell;
By cherished hopes, by doubts and fears,
By days of sighs and nights of tears,
By long-lost peace, by pleasures gone,
By every tie—she claims but one!

Lucern! upon thy silvery breast,
 So lately tinged with patriot's blood,
 The gentle moonbeams seemed to rest.
 No breeze disturbed the silent flood,
 'Twas still as death: both dell and wood
 Wrapt in their misty mantle stood
 The dark domain of Solitude.

The moon loves crystal streams, she looks
 With fond delight on murmuring brooks;
 But still more fondly, silver lake!
 She looks on thee, and bids awake
 Those soft, mysterious lyres of love,
 Whose breathings make the planets move. *
 She loves to look upon thy calm
 Unruffled face, to mark each charm
 Reflected there—to light—to kiss
 The mirror of her loveliness.

Who is the maid that sits alone
 In yonder arbour! who is she
 Whose eyes are resting listlessly
 Upon the deep?—"Tis Elodie;

* That hacknied expression of "the music of the spheres," is here again understood. The ancients believed that the whole system of the universe moved by the power of music; and a prettier theory, or rather a theory more flattering to the friends of harmony could not be produced. The bard of green Erin is peculiarly fond of these midnight melodies; in one of his songs we find this truly beautiful stanza—

"And, oh! how the eyes of beauty glisten,
 When music reach'd her inmost soul,
 Like the silent stars, that wink and listen
 While heaven's eternal melodies roll!"

She rests upon the harp, whose tone
 Had thrown such sweet enchantment o'er
 The soul of Henric: yes, 'tis done,
 And he is Henric now no more!
 He did not tell the agony he felt,
 In mystery—in hidden pain he dwelt,
 Spoke not of love, but oft of gratitude,
 Acted the friend more warmly than he should.

I've heard of two, who lov'd thro' years of pain,
 Who strove to crush the poignant throb in vain;
 Who felt, who owned no other paradise
 Than that which glistened in each other's eyes.
 Still, oft they turn'd their tell-tale eyes away,
 T' o dim with tears their hope enkindling ray.
 They could not speak of love; what heart desir'd
 Rush'd wildly to the lips and there expir'd;
 And every sigh in struggling to be free,
 Fell on the air like fleece upon the sea.
 Each hope that beam'd soon died away in fears,
 And if they smil'd, 'twas light that shone thro' tears.
 Their dreams awake, asleep were still the same,
 And in the warmth of this imprison'd flame,
 The lovers pined away, and every night,
 With glances turn'd upon the pale moon's light,
 They wander'd far apart, to muse upon
 Each look of tenderness that they had won:
 The worm of sorrow reach'd the vital core,
 Their cheeks grew pale, and smiles were seen no more.
 This mute despair, this bitterness of love,
 This fatal passion 'gainst which reason strove,

Soon brought them to the grave. Alone they sleep
 In a deep vale, where forest elfins keep
 Their moonlight sports; there kindred lovers rove,
 To mourn the victims of too warm a love.
 'Twas so with Henric and young Elodie,
 Mad with the draught they drank more thirstily,
 Clung to the cup, 'till every drop they spilt
 Plung'd them still deeper in th' abyss of guilt.

"Hail, hour of sober thought! when the sad heart
 Throbs with the recollection of the past;
 When thro' the mind a thousand visions dart
 Of pleasures once too fondly nurs'd to last;
 I love to see the landscape overcast
 By night's dim poll, while whisp'ring zephyrs stir
 The silent bosom of the moonlight deep;
 It is the music of the sepulchre,
 And lulls the throbbing of the heart to sleep
 'Then bids the eye above its slumbers weep.

The last resort of fruitless love is thought,
 It hath its sweets, tho' it be born of woe;
 And when a dying gleam of hope is caught,
 We feel within our breasts a higher glow:
 And sweet the tears that from dejection flow!
 Calm evening is the time to think and weep,
 For then the mind is bent on things above,
 And, unawares, soft visions o'er it creep,
 The opaque curtain of the mind to move,
 And teach us how to bear with *fruitless love*.
 But come, my harp, again I'll touch thy strings,
 And waft my melody on airy wings

To Henric's ear; and he will come and weep
 With me, and gaze upon the moonlight deep,
 And talk of days gone past, of days to come,
 Of wreaths for him, perchance cull'd from my tomb!

SONG.

Oh! come to me when twilight closes,
 Just as night's youngest star appears;
 And in the lonely bower of roses,
 We'll mingle hearts, and sighs, and tears.
 For then's the hour for souls that feel
 Each other's joy, each other's woe;
 Then at one hallowed shrine to kneel,
 And ask no other bliss below.

Let mirth its zestless song awaken,
 It cannot throw a charm o'er me;
 O, give me back the bower forsaken,
 And one sweet moment passed with thee.
 Yes, give me back those visions precious,
 So cherished in my hours of bliss,
 When every thought appeared delicious.
 And life was Heaven compared with this.

Then come to me as twilight dies,
 For 'tis the hour which loves holds best,
 My light shall be those melting eyes,
 My pillow that despairing breast:
 And, though the bower be sad and lonely,
 Yet, Oh! how Eden like it were
 If hearts like ours, and such hearts only,
 Were mingling in affection there.

She look'd around—Henric with folded arms
 Stood by her side: she blushed, a thousand charms
 Glow'd in that blush; but he with fixed eye,
 Look'd on the maiden sad and mournfully.
 “Why calls the voice of Elodie on one
 Whose cheeks are pale, whose day of joy is gone?
 Hush'd be her tuneful harp; for, O, it seems
 To conjure up those vain and wayward dreams
 Which lately clung so closely to his breast,
 And lull'd the throb of conscious guilt to rest.
 Why sounds the harp of Elodie to one
 Who feels that, now the maddening spell is gone,
 He is a villain—aye, than villain worse,
 A fiend to thee, and to himself a curse!

Forget me, if thou canst; erase my name
 From memory's record; let thy fancy frame
 No scenes of past events; and, Oh! if e'er
 A truant thought should rest on me, a tear
 Will brighten it; then think no more of him
 Whose star of fate is in its zenith dim,
 Who'll live, who'll die in dark obscurity,
 Without a care for future destiny.
 And while he meditates on past delights,
 While misery's storm his wonted spirits blights,
 He'll bless thy name, and, 'till his death-hour, pray
 That life may be with thee a sunny day.
 And, 'till the icy arms of death shall cling
 Around his form, soft memory shall wing
 Its flight to happier days, to pleasures past,
 Pleasures too sweet—too deeply felt to last!

Oh! then some kindred soul may tarry near,
And weep and say—*‘a broken heart lies here!’*”

He paus’d—he wept—he hid his bloodless face
Between his hands, and then, with hurried pace,
He sped towards the shore. The anxious maid

Clung to his arm, and trembled as she said,
“Oh! Henric, thou art sadly changed,

Say, have I caused thee grief? That eye
Thrice o’er the waters deep hath ranged—

Why look thus wildly, Henric, why?
Come back, come back, I’ll sing for thee;

I’ll sing thy sorrows all to rest;
When tired of my melody,

I’ll lullaby thee on this breast.
I’ll smooth thy tangled locks with care,
And with my own neglected hair,
I’ll wipe thy tears away—and kiss—
If ’twill but make thee dream of bliss!”

“Nay, let me fly, dear Elodie”—

“*Dear*—Henric, am I dear to thee?”

“Yes—dear as life, but that is naught,

Dearer thou art—dearer shall be;

Oh! that this heart had ne’er been taught
To feel its own deformity!”

“Thou speak’st mysterious”—

“Aye, forsooth,

But, injured girl! now hear the truth.
I am not what I seem; more base
A wretch ne’er hid his burning face,

Nor shrunk beneath monastic hood,
 To hide his shame in solitude!
 But we must part"—

"For ever!"

"Aye!

Blistering thorns grow in my way,
 'Midst rocks and caves I'll make my home;
 No tear shall lave my hidden tomb,
 No eye behold me, save the eye
 Of HIM who rules my destiny.
 Farewell—poor Elodie!—farewell!"
 He turned—she on his bosom fell—
 "No, no, not yet—I'll follow thee,
 Still, still I'll be thine Elodie;
 I'll hear the worst that can betide,
 Aye, even in death I'll be thy bride!"
 "My bride!—ha! curse me all thy life—
 Away—away—I have a wife!"

She heard no more—she swoon'd—she fell
 Cold from his arms: Oh! who can tell
 How Henric felt! Wildly he gazed
 Upon her face; his dark eye blazed
 With coming frenzy; burning the kiss
 He printed on her cheek of bliss.

Long lay the maiden on the ground,
 When she awoke she glanced around;
 The waters of the brook rolled on—
 But Henric and the moon were gone!

* * * * *

Hark! there's a slow and pensive sound that swells
 Along the hollow aisle; while deep-toned bells

Are knolling slowly: 'tis the organ's peal
Of mellow notes that rise and gently steal
Upon the listener's soul. And now a choir
Of sisters sing, the while the vestal fire
Burns brightly on the altar, and incense
Is scattered 'midst the kneeling penitents.
And who is she whose lips still faintly smile,
As slow she walks along the sacred aisle,
Followed by deep-veiled sisterhood, who mix
Their sighs and tears upon the crucifix?
Her garments shine with many a costly gem,
Her braided hair entwines a diadem;
A white veil on her arm hangs carelessly,
Her spotless garments flow as light, as free
As snow upon the wind: Still there appears
A paleness on her cheek, and pious tears
Fall glistening from her eyes. Behold, she kneels,
And now the slow and solemn sanctus peals
Upon the ear. With mitre on his brow,
The holy minister of God comes forth to bow
Before the hallowed shrine; the while the air
Quakes with the organ's peal, and now his prayer
Is for the prostrate maid. She rises now,
To tear the blushing roses from her brow
And trample them beneath her feet—her hair,
Divested of its gems, waves on the air—
She kneels again; and now the holy priest
Hangs the black cross upon her snowy breast—
She bends her head—the eternal veil is given,
Poor Elodie! farewell, fair child of Heaven!

PART FIFTH.

DEAR were the hours which Josaphine had past
 Since Henric flew obedient to the blast
 That called to arms; her bower was sad and lone,
 Her harp had lost its soul subduing tone.
 Wedded to grief, through silent dell she strayed,
 Wander'd o'er rocks, or in some lone cascade
 Mingled her tears. Alone at dead of night
 She struck her harp, not with that fond delight
 Which once was her's; the lay was pensive, slow
 Prompted by feeling, softly wild with wo.

SONG.

Come take the gentle harp of sorrow,
 I'll lean it on my beating breast,
 Perhaps my lips may smile to-morrow,
 And all my fears be lulled to rest.
 Where yonder palm its leaf uncloses
 And spreads it to the dewy shower,
 I'll strew for him a bed of roses,
 Of jessamine I'll make his bower.

Come then, my harp—still wrapt in sadness
 Death long hath clung around thy strings;
 Oh! breathe thy wonted notes of gladness,
 And give my song celestial wings.
 The warlike theme with hurried numbers,
 When rolling thunders shake the spheres,
 The love that lulls to gentle slumbers
 The heart with all its doubts and fears.

Weeks rolled away, but weeks of sorrow,
 Still Henric came not; every morrow
 Must surely bring him, still the same,
 The morrow with no Henric came!
 Werner beheld his daughter's grief,
 He dared not breathe the painful story;
 'Twas sorrowful, although 'twas brief,
 Henric had fallen—but fallen in glory.
 A youth returning from the war,
 Brought the sad tidings to the sire;
 Wallowing in his dearest gore,
 He saw his gallant friend expire.
 Old Werner heard—but did not weep,
 It prided him to know his son
 Had sunk to everlasting sleep
 Upon a couch by valor won.

"Daughter," at length the veteran said,
 "The roses from thy cheeks are fled,
 Thine eye is dim and red with weeping:
 Rouse, prepare thee for the worst
 That thou can'st hear: low in the dust
 Thy love, my valiant son is sleeping!
 Nay, shrink not back with 'wildered eye,
 He died as Werner's son should die."

"Father! thou said'st he should return
 To weep upon his country's urn.
 Oh! what care I for liberty,
 And nation's rights? they've torn from me
 One far more dear than gold or gems,
 Fame, laurels, empires, diadems:

His soul was great, to honor true, -
 His arm was strong—all that I knew.
 Did he not chase through mountain snow
 The wild chamois from vale to brow,
 With fleeter foot than ever yet
 Was known from Schwitz to Wallenstadt?
 Why tear him from my arms to test
 His courage 'gainst a murderous foe?
 But he is sunk to eternal rest,
 And I shall soon be sleeping too!"

She wept most bitterly, the flood
 Rolled scalding from her grief wan face;
 Fever quickened her burning blood,
 And wild delirium came apace.
 While on her bed she lay, she often spake
 Unto her harp, as if it could awake
 Its own sad melody; and then she sung,
 And call'd the shade of Henric from among
 The tenants of the grave; and then she'd sleep
 The sleep of madness, but to wake and weep.

What man is that, who with convulsive breath,
 Faltering opes the groaning door of death?
 He looks around with eyes blood-shot and wild,
 His pale lips quiver—lips that once had smiled
 Before yon hearth; his tangled locks, his cheek
 Sunken and haggard, seems the lingering wreck
 Of manly beauty. Lo! towards the bed
 He comes with tott'ring step; pale rays are shed
 From the dim taper: Now his dark eyes shine
 With wildness on the dying Jesaphine.

He groans, he looks despairing on the bed,
 He speaks, scarce understood the words he said,
 "My Josaphine!—my Josaphine!"—'tis he
 Who lately kist the lips of Elodie!
 He comes to catch the last expiring breath
 Of Josaphine, just as the chill of death
 Creeps o'er her brow. She glances on his face,
 Steady and fixed the look; she seems to trace
 In his wan features recollections dear—
 And now she knows him: "Henric! art thou here?
 Oh! that this bliss should come just as the dart
 Of death is rankling in my bleeding heart.

Yes, thou art come, but, O, my God, how changed!
 'Thou lookest wild, or else my brain's derang'd,
 Smile kindly, love, I lived for only thee,
 One moment more—time and eternity
 Will be united then. They said you fell
 In Underwalden's fight, why did they tell
 So false a tale? But thou hast come to weep
 Over the sod where Josaphine shall sleep.
 Farewell, my Henric, there my sad harp stands,
 Long wrapt in sleep, untouch'd by joyful hands.
 Move it not thence, but keep it for the sake
 Of Josaphine, who e'en in death will wake
 Its wonted strain, and breathe the tender song
 She used to sing when love and joy were young,
 Alas! farewell, thou fadest from my view,
 My spirit freezes—Henric, love—adieu!"

Thus sunk she into death's eternal sleep,
 Yet, yet no ghastly smile was on her lip;

'Twas mild, 'twas lovely as a summer sky,
Just as the sun sets slow and peacefully;
Her struggling soul stole gently from her lips
Like perfume stealing from the flower that sips
The earliest dews of Heaven, her latest sigh
Seem'd to ascend like dying melody.

The hapless Henric bursts the solemn trance,
Bends weepings o'er her livid countenance,
Lovely in death. He tears his raven locks,
Kisses her lips and calls on massy rocks,
To roll upon him—whirlwinds to arise,
Root him from earth and end his miseries;
Life had no charms for him, his guilty soul
Longed to be resting at its final goal.
His Josephine no more—poor Elodie
Perchance departed too; then what was he?
Curse to himself—a thing too vile to be!

All night he sat and gazed upon
The lovely corpse; he kiss'd it oft,
And calm'd the jetty locks which shone
Still rich with life upon her soft
And snowy breast. Her purple lips
Seemed still to smile through death's eclipse.
"She only sleeps! look, father, look," he said
To Werner, who stood silent by the bed,
"She only sleeps—she soon will wake again,
And ease my bosom of a load of pain:
No, she is dead—and yet she seems to live;
Nay, father, cease—I've but one kiss to give

And then she's thine to place beneath the sod."
 He turn'd away; a prayer was breathed to God
 For the departed soul, a needless prayer—
 There is a Heaven, and Josaphine is there.

Night after night poor Henric sat alone
 Beside the harp; he often thought its tone
 Revived, and notes in happier moments dear,
 Sailed in the air and died upon his ear.
 The melancholy moon was shining bright,
 And told the weary clock the noon of night,
 When from the harp a strain of music pour'd,
 Trembling at first, then loud, then louder soar'd;
 No human hand could wing such notes as those.
 They fill'd the room, and swelling as they rose,
 Stole round the bed where Josaphine had sigh'd
 Her last, linger'd awhile, then melted—died.
 "Mysterious strains! from realms of happiness,
 Fleet not away so soon, but live to bless
 The recollections of my Josaphine!
 Beloved spirit! make, O, make me thine;
 'Touch once again the silent strings, my ear
 Shall catch each note to heart and memory dear."
 Slowly and softly swell the notes again;
 He hears, he weeps, he starts! the chords in twain
 Are snapped! Behold, a pale and quivering glare
 Of light darts thro' the death still room, the air
 Rushes around him, and his blood benumbs:
 The grave resigns its prey—she comes, she comes!
 The voice of Josaphine is heard, and death
 The while creeps o'er his heart and steals his breath.

"Mortal! I the call obey,
Ere the night shall pass away,
Thou the realms of death shalt see;
Henric!—Henric! follow me!"

Where the echo sleeps, a willow waves
Mournfully over two lonely graves;
Henric and Josaphine there repose,
Green be the grass that over them grows.

